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L O N D O N:

Printed for T. KNOWLES, behind the CHURCH
House, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

[Price 1s. 6d. neatly bound in Red.]

~~My dear Mr. Gosling~~
~~I have just received your letter~~
~~and am very glad to hear~~
~~from you and that you are~~
~~well and happy. I am~~
~~very much obliged to you~~
~~for the trouble you have~~
~~taken in writing to me.~~
~~I am, Sir, very respectfully,~~
~~Your obedient servant,~~
~~Wm. Gosling~~

~~My dear Mr. Gosling~~
promising her Comp^{ts} to Mr
Gosling and she shall thank
her Altho' greatly honor to
with her and Mr Gosling
company to drink a
Dish of Tea, J. Wm Gosling
Theas

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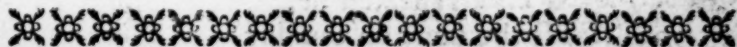
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A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
C H O I C E S O N G S.



S O N G.

PITY ye gentle youths a swain
Whom thus ye see before ye,
Who's ever bound unto a letch,
Pray listen to my story.
My spouse is handsome, what of that?
She's an incessant wagtail,
See Ecce Signum, where's my fat?
Alas, she's lower'd my top-sail.
Toll loll, &c.

On Monday morn, no sooner wak'd,
I find her in the humour;
Her hand directly then she takes,
And soon finds out the tumour;

With

With aking heart then to't I go,
 To dip in, and to delve it,
 And whilst I'm working hard below,
 She's tipping me the velvet.

On 'Tuesday morn 'tis all the same,
 On Wednesday she'll not alter;
 On Thursday we repeat the game,
 Poor I must never falter;
 When Friday comes, I dread to see
 The next, tho' 'tis but one day,
 For then it must repeated be,
 And 'tis all the same on Sunday.

My legs are corking pins d'ye see,
 My bones will almost rattle,
 While she's as plump as plump can be,
 And still maintains the battle
 But what I now am going to tell,
 Tho' she don't think it much crime,
 For this I'm sure she'll go to hell
 She makes me ——— in church-time.

S O N G.

A GAIN the full bowl bids the chorus resound,
 And crush'd is our foe, late with majesty
 crown'd ;

How

How vain haughty Lewis thy schemes to invade ?
How ruin'd thy nation ? how beggar'd thy trade ?

CHORUS.

Then tremble oh Lewis, thou vassal of Rome,
King George is a Briton, and Britons strike home.

See Valiant in arms, our Militia prepar'd,
Against foreign Invasions, our country to guard ;
Whilst our Sailors and Soldiers, with glory in
view,
French colony's, army's, and islands subdue.

Then tremble, &c.

From Ganges, to where the Mecippe tide flows,
Our thunder has conquer'd our sloop-megar'd foes ;
And the wild savage nation acknowledge our sway,
With the French, their trade lower'd, and more sa-
vage than they,

Then tremble, &c.

Come Britons rejoice, for the conquest's our own,
The Havanna is taken, and Spain is undone.
The wealth of the Spaniards become British spoil,
To reward each bold sailor, and soldier's long toil.

Then tremble Don Carlos, &c.

The glory of Spain is brought to an end,
And the scepter of George our prince shall extend,
And trade shall submissively own
Britannia's victorious, and triumphs alone.

Then

Then tofs off your glaffes, and make the bowl ring,
With God blefs Queen Charlotte, and God blefs
our King.

S O N G.

T R U E B L U E.

Sung by Mr. MOOR, at the Antigallican True Blue
Society.

Tune, To the fair ladies now at land.

ONE evening at Ambrosial's feast
In Ida's sacred bow'r,
Minerva came, the muses guest,
To kill an idle hour ;
Apollo, and gay Bacchus join'd,
For hand in hand walks wit and wine.

Pallas, the swimming dance began,
Her hair a fillet bound,
Blue as her eyes the bandage shone,
Her Cyprian temples round,
Which loosing, in the dance dropt down,
And Bacchus snatch'd the azure zone.

This ribbond on his breast he plac'd,
By Styx then swore the youth,
That what the throne of wisdom grac'd
Should grace the seat of truth.

Then

Then ope'd his robe, at once he threw,
And on his bosom beam'd true blue.

If mortals can give garters fame,
And honours form on earth,
Sure deities may do the same,
And give an order birth.
This ribbond lov'd celestials view,
And stamp your sanction on true blue.

Urania prais'd the rosy god,
Her tuneful sisters join'd,
Minerva gave the assenting nod,
Phœbus enroll the sign.
Along the clouds Ætherians flew,
Olympus join'd, and hail'd true blue.

This order Isis bore to earth,
The gods enjoin'd the fair,
Where e'er she found out sons of worth
To leave the ribbond there.
From clime to clime, she searching flew,
And in Britannia left true blue.

C

S O N G

S O N G.

On the Taking the HAVANNAH in the Character
of a Sailor.

COME on brother tarr and I'll tip you a stave,
Tis by valour and glory inspired,
Great deeds have been done by us sons of the waves,
And the London Gazette we have tir'd.
The Spaniards and French who our isle would invade
Our credit to sink and ruin our trade,
At last for their pride have been cursedly paid,
We have drub'd them and ta'n the Havannah.

The force of our balls made our enemies fly,
Whenever we happen'd to meet them,
The pride of a tarr is to conquer or die,
We ne'er see our foes but we beat them.
Not their thunder united our coasts dare annoy,
Their ships we will take and their harbours destroy
Where ever the king shall those heroes employ,
Who drub'd them and took the Havannah.

Albemarle and brave Pocock fresh laurels have won,
By conquering Valesco at Moro.
They tatter'd their jackets they ruin'd the don,
And took of his treasure great store-o.
When Britons agree who their blows can with stand
We've beat them by sea, and we've thump'd them
by land

Let

Let Pocock and Kepple those brave boys command,
Who beat them and took the Havannah.

S O N G.

AS I was a walking to Chelsea one day,
I met with a pretty young girl by the way,
I ask to salute her but this was her tone,
Why cant you be easy and let me alone!

I told her my name was young amorous James,
And I call'd her a thousand fine delicate names,
I told her her heart was as cold as a stone,
No matter says she can't you let me alone.

My jewel, says I, I'm not on my fun,
If you'll go to the bun house, I'll give you a bun,
Quoth she I've got money enough of my own,
To buy half a hundred so let me alone.

By Jesus says I with me you shall dine,
For Pinchbeck I hear sells excellent wine,
Besides there's the wax-work and dwarf to be shown,
May be so, fir, says she, but pray let me alone.

However I follow'd her field after field,
Till by many persuasions I brought her to yield,
Next day we were wed, and she alter'd her tone,
For she teazes me now if I let her alone.

A Pastoral Dialogue ; from a new Piece acted at
at Covent Garden Theatre, before their Ma-
jesties and the Prince and Princess of Brun-
swick, entitled, “ The ARCADIAN NUP-
TIALS.”

COLIN and PHILLIS.

COLIN.

HARK ! Hark ! o’er the plains what glad
tumults we hear !

How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds appear,
With myrtles and roses new deck’d are the
bowers,

And every bush bears a garland of flowers.

I can’t, for my life, what it means, under-
stand !

There’s some rural festival surely at hand,

Nor harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take
place—

But Phillis will you tell me the truth of the case.

PHILLIS.

The truth, honest lad !—why you surely should
know,

What rites are prepar’d in the village below ;

Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam’d and ador’d,

Weds Daphne, the sister of CORIN, our Lord,

That

That Daphne, whose beauty, good nature, and ease,
 [please:
 All fancies can strike, and all judgments can
 That ~~Colum~~ but praise must the matters give
 You know what he is, and I need say no more.

C O L I N.

Young Thyrsis too claims, all that honour can
 lend.

His countryman's glory their champion and friend,
 Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his deserts;
 And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their
 hearts.

P H I L L I S.

But hence to the bridal, behold how they throng;
 Each shepherd conducting his sweet heart along;
 The joyous occasion, all nature inspires
 With tender affections, and chearful desires.

D U E T T O.

Ye powers, that o'er conjugal union preside,
 All gracious look down on the bridegroom and
 bride;
 That beauty and virtue, and valour may shine,
 In a race like themselves with no end to the line;
 Let honour and glory, and riches, and praise,
 Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days:

C 3

And while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
Oh ! may they live easy as those in a cot.

S E M I - C H O R U S of NYMPHS.

Whilst the dancers are winding the wreath of flowers
about the bridegroom and bride.

Fast the blooming Virgin tie,
No thorns beneath the roses lie.

S E M I - C H O R U S of SWAINS.

Round the Hero swiftly move !
Glory bind to sacred Love.

G R A N D C H O R U S as the Dances conclude.

Bless'd for ever may they be !
Ever bound, yet ever free.

S O N G.

The Modern Lads undress'd from Top to Toe.

COME all ye bucks and lads of fire,
Behold a modern Nymph's attire,
Here's ev'ry thing to please your eye's
And more if joy and passion rise.
And more, &c

Behold my sable locks bedeck'd,
In wanton curls my ivory neck,

Behold

Behold my bracing shoulders bare,
Behold my bubbies round and fair.

Look down my Back into my waste,
With ease and joys your fancy feast,
Thro' placket see my hips how plump,
And ev'ry motion of my rump.

See how my hoops contrived to shew
The beauty of my pretty little limbs below,
My well shap'd leg and taper'd thigh,
And more perhaps if wind blows high.

What little skill our grandams knew,
They would not set one foot to view,
But strait would make a wond'rous rout,
If bubbie peep'd from tucker out.

But we the modern fair more sage
Then that prepostrous prudish age,
All naked as our mother eve,
Would show the charms kind nature gave,

S O N G.

WHAT pleasure it is when the evening is clear,
To take a walk out in the fields for the air,
And to follow the frolicksome beaus and the bells,
And to see the diversion of Sadlers Wells ?

Last Saturday night as found us a roach,
 Come Cloe to London in the Highgate stage coach,
 She vow'd by the churches the steeples and bells,
 That she'd see the diversion of Sadlers Wells.

Tom Gallop a jockey from Tottenham Cross,
 Came wiffing to London to sell a young horse,
 Quoth he to himself if the creature well sells,
 Why i'll see the diversion of Sadlers Wells.

There is not a milliner all through the town,
 Nor one mantua maker that's worth half a crown,
 Who round the tea table at each other rails,
 But will see the diversion of Sadlers Wells,

The poor common drudges who slaves a whole year,
 For three pounds or less yet a trifle will spare,
 And throw by their brushes, their mops, and their
 Pails,
 For to see the diversion of Sadlers Wells.

The squire his lady his daughter and son,
 The steward the butler the coachman and John,
 The housekeeper, cook, and the Chambermaid dwells,
 On the praises of Rosoman's Sadlers Wells.

SONG

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Jagger, at Vauxhall.

IN infancy our hopes and fears,
 Were to each other known ;
 No sordid int'rest then appears,
 Affection rules alone :
 As friendship ripen'd with our youth,
 The fruit was gather'd there,
 Bright wisdom and fair blooming truth,
 Subsid'd ev'ry care.

Ah ! happy, more than happy state,
 Where hearts are twin'd in one ;
 Yet few, (so rigid is our fate)
 May wear the tender crown :
 By one rude touch, the roses fall,
 And all their beauty's fade ;
 In vain we sigh, in vain we call,
 Too late is human aid.

S O N G.

A D R I N K I N G S O N G.

Tune, Says Plato, why should Man be Vain.

FILL the bowl with sparkling wine,
 The joyous rich repast prepare ;
 Drink, drink, my friends, and ne'er repine,
 Of fortunes frowns let others share :

Those

Those she exalts are but her sport;
 The play-things of her fickle mind;
 And those who most her favours court.
 Are in her gifts the most behind.

Then unconcern'd, let life glide on,
 Let mirth employ the present hour,
 For e'er to morrow's rising sun,
 The fates may snatch it from our pow'r,
 Drink on, and push the glasses round,
 Let hope to-day prevent despair;
 Let mirth, and joy, and wine abound,
 To-morrow is not worth our care.

S O N G.

On the ROYAL NUPTIALS.

[Soft Music.]

ANGELS from your spheres descend !
 Tune your golden viols all !
 Heav'nly airs with earthly blend,
 At the muses powerful call.

Dawning virtues, lovely grace !
 Let th' harmonious choir display;
 Lo ! yon nymph of royal race,
 Animates the breathing lay !

Search the rolls of hoary time,
 Some bright pattern thence derive,
 One whose excellence sublime
 In Augusta may revive !

R E C I T.

Swell, swell the note with Cassandana's name !
 Of high extraction, and immortal fame !
 Media less gloried in her stretch of arms !
 Than in the royal Virgin powerful charms !
 O'er all th' admiring world her merits rung,
 And thus the eastern poets sweetly sung.

A I R.

With politeness gently grac'd,
 And with elegance of taste ;
 Yet from courtly foibles free ;
 With majestic beauty crown'd !
 More for solid sense renown'd,
 Heighten'd all by modesty !

C H O R U S.

Swell, swell the note with Cassandana's name !
 Raise high her trophies on the voice of fame !

R E C I T.

Kindred goodness still should pair ;
 Heav'n excites the metal flame ;
 Cyrus

Cyrus ! happy Persia's heir !
 Su'd for love—and match'd the dame !

A I R.

Behold ! to our admiring eyes !
 Another Cassandana rise !
 Augusta ! of superior grace !
 And loveliest of the lovely race !

C H O R U S.

Now swell the note with fair Augusta's name !
 Raise high her trophys on the voice of fame !

R E C I T.

A second Cyrus heard the sound !
 And came with blooming laurels crown'd !
 Hear, thou happy, royal youth !
 The pleasing voice of love and truth,
 Attend, and hear the voice of fame,
 Thus thy happiness proclaim.

S O N G.

The jovial BACCHANALIAN.

OLD care be gone thou churlish guest,
 We've none but flowing bowls ;
 Thou art the misers god alone,
 Be gone ! we're none but souls !

Anacreon

Anacreon bids thee quit the shrine,
 Nor dare approach his school
 For wine inspires the soul of man,
 Then who wou'd drink by rule.

No torbid thoughts perplex the brain,
 We Cynic rules decline ;
 Give me your joyous drinking blades
 And cellars stor'd with wine.
 With grapes—my temples wreath around,
 A hogshead striding o'er
 A rummer fill'd with gen'rous wine,
 Ye gods I ask no more.

In triumph then oh ! how I'd quaff
 Amidst each toping son,
 I shou'd like Bacchus self appear,
 Astride the jolly tun,
 Now learned asses rail your fill,
 Your maxims we despise,
 If shunning wine is wisdom called
 Oh let me ne'er be wise.

The diff'rence view 'twixt sons of care,
 And lads of rosy hue,
 Your sober joy's are still the same,
 But drinking's ever new.

Go on and level us with beast,
Great Bacchus we adore,
And free as air we'll drink and sing,
'Till time shall be no more.

S O N G.

The Lark's shrill Notes.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent at Vaux-hall.

THE lark's shril notes awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn,
The yellow harvest safe from spoil,
Reward the happy farmers toil.
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

S O N G.

The C A U T I O N.

PHilira's charms poor Damon took,
How eager he for billing,
When lo ! the nymph, the swain forsook,
To shew her power of killing.
In either eye she sheath'd a dart,
He felt it, never doubt him ;
Odzooks a man were thro' the heart,
Ere he cou'd look about him,

But

But mark the end, with scyth so sharp,
 Time o'er the forehead struck her ;
 And all her charms began to warpe,
 She then was in a pucker.
 She then began to rave and curse,
 Her time she pass'd no better ;
 Yet still had hopes ere bad grew worse,
 Some comely swain might get her.

Philira every lad she meets,
 Now makes an amorous tryal ;
 But each with scorn her warmth treats,
 Each frowns in cold denial.
 Coquets, take warning, chuse your tune,
 This woeful case remember ;
 The bedfellow you slight in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

S O N G.

CHLOE'S LAP - DOG.

I Vow I'll scream dont think I feign,
 Said Chloe to her favourite swain ;
 As somewhat rude he grew,
 Nay fye, dear me, why there, then there,
 Now you are pleas'd, you'r mad I swear,
 Sit down you devil do.

Are these your tricks, the hand fir pray,
 I beg you'll take that hand away,
 Or I'll pinch you black, and blue ;
 Before mamma you look so grave,
 But now I find how you'd behave,
 Sit down you devil do.

Poor Veny saw the unequal fight,
 And bark'd for help, with all her might,
 To her fair mistress true :
 Till Chloe quite o'erpow'rd and weak,
 Cry'd with scarce strength enough to speak,
 Lye down you devil do.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. JAGGER, at Vauxhall.

WHY Celia this constant upbraiding,
 Why fretful and peevish complain,
 Gentle looks are my dear more perswading,
 To fix the fond heart of your swain ;
 By your beauty I swear I was joking,
 And forc'd from young Phoebe a kiss,
 Phaw, my dear, this is monstrous provoking.
 To take such a trifle amiss.

Give over nonsensical railing
 At ev'ry young girl of the town,

Pray have you my dear no one failing,
 Remember your May day green gown.
 Do I say there was any hurt in,
 The frolic you had with young Will
 Or when you with Philander was flirting,
 And tripping it over the hill.

I never was fretful and teasing,
 When Roger you kiss'd—by mistake,
 I thought your dear self you was pleasing,
 When dancing with Tom of the wake.
 Pray child can you say that I lie,
 With Hodge on the mow you was seen,
 Where was you the nineteenth of July,
 With Harry that lives on the green.

Then cease prithee cease your reviling,
 No more of this wrangling and noise,
 But meet me with looks sweetly smiling,
 And revel in loves richest joys.
 My heart is your own if you'll take it.
 But think not to treat it severe,
 By Bacchus you never shall break it.
 For in wine I will drown all my care.

S O N G.

COME, let's be merry, let's be airy;
 'Tis a folly to be sad;

For since the world's grown mad, mad, mad ;
Why should we alone be wise,
And like dull fools, and like dull fools, and like
dull fools,
Gaze on other men's joys ?

Let not to-morrow bring you sorrow,
Whilst the stream of tide flows on ;
For when the blisful day is past,
Still endeavour that the next
Be full as gay, be full as gay, be full as gay,
And as little perplex'd.

If you have leisure, follow pleasure ;
Let not one hour of bliss pass by ;
For as the fleeting minutes fly ;
Time it will your youth decay :
Then strive to live, then strive to live, then strive
to live,
And be bless'd whilst you may.

If you have plenty, nought will torment you,
But yet yourself, yourself may annoy ;
Hearty and true are the poor man's joy :
Gladly yielding, the minutes pass.
But when old time three times
Shakes, he drinks off his glass.

SONG

CROMWELL'S GARDENS.

The Words by Mr. A. SMITH.

NO more to Conduit-house shall go,
 Each lad and lass, so trim;
 Clay-hall the cit no more applaud,
 Nor Chelsea boast the Whim.
 To Brumpton now we'll all repair,
 'Tis Cromwell's shades invite :
 There art and nature are combin'd,
 And yield us new delight.

When you the circle first behold,
 (Such verdure blooms around,)
 You strait forget the common earth,
 And think it magic ground.
 There Strephon with his Celia goes,
 To pass a happy hour,
 While various sweets attractive spring
 And burst from ev'ry flow'r.

With her he sips his tea and chats,
 And tells the soothing tale ;
 While gentle Zephyrs fan the trees,
 * And neighb'ring sweets exhale.
 Pomona too bedecks the scene,
 As Flora does the ground :
 Great Bacchus spreads the circling vine,
 Such is this mazy round.

What

* Alluding to the many fine nurseries in and about Brumpton.

|| What charm'd before is now eclips'd,
 'Tis Brumpton claims the song ;
 And Cromwell's gardens bears the belle
 With all the gay and young.
 Those rural scenes were surely made
 Alone for wine and love ;
 To Cromwell's due a softer name,
 Be't beauty's sweet alcove.

S O N G.

WHILE papers bedaub'd by the foul venal
 quill,
 And rhyming-men couple the hill and the mill,
 And gripe goes to bed with his hoard.
 The toper forgets not to handle his glass,
 But fills to the brim—tho' he knows not the lass,
 I sing the sweet maid of the Ford.

In an age when old modesty's turn'd out of door,
 And each wife and maid, copy some elegant whore,
 And Thomas gets drunk with his lord :
 While Betty her ladyships wrath to appease
 Introduces a gallant, retir'd from these
 Lives happy the maid of the Ford.

|| White Conduit House, Jenny's Whim, Bagnigge Wells. &c.

while

While bloods knock down watchmen, and bucks
 fill the pit,
 And the taylor be—Jemmy's some paper—scull'd cit
 Where brains in abundance are stor'd ;
 While reps swear like troopers, 2nd demy—rep's
 try,
 And coquets cry to fribbles, la no fir—not I,
 Give me the sweet maid of the Ford.

A girl great in virtue good nature and truth,
 Embellish'd with graces, and blooming in youth,
 Such blossoms as roses afford ;
 Whose breast is a stranger to folly and pride,
 I'm a candidate, fortune ! be thou on my side,
 And elect me the man of the Ford.

S O N G.

N A N C Y.

AS musing I stray'd, perchance, t'other day,]
 My Nancy trip'd over the plain,
 Intranc'd by her beauty, I flew to the maid,
 And kiss'd her again and again :
 Such charms neither Venus, nor Helen could boast,
 Whatever the Poets may feign,
 They may say what they will, they ne'er can
 compare,
 To my Nancy my hearts little queen.

Such

Such sweetness reigns in the face of the fair,
 She seems like an angel to me,
 I'm always unhappy when she's from my sight,
 She's ever so pleasant and free.
 No Pride nor ambition take place in her breast,
 Her temper is ever serene,
 Engaging her converse and graceful the Air,
 Of Nancy my hearts little queen.

O witness ye powers how much I adore,
 With Nancy I never can part,
 Take counsel ye youths and rely on this truth,
 True love springs alone from the heart.
 No clouded suspicions my bosom possess
 Of rivals thro' jealousy's spleen,
 In her I confide she is faithful and kind
 My Nancy my hearts little queen.

S O N G.

Mr. Beard. O The raptures of possessing,
 Melting into beauty's arms.
Miss Young. O the joy, the lasting blessing
 Which from honour takes its charms.
Mr. Beard. Love's soft flame shall gently warm
 thee.
Miss Young. Love and honour both shall charm
 thee.

S O N G.

S O N G.

The charms of BEAUTY and WINE.

Sung by Mr. HEEMSKIRK.

BRISK wine makes us gay, and 'tis beauty leads
on,

'Tis beauty leads on and with pleasure shall crown,

'Tis the sparkling champaign shall heighten our joy,

And the raptures, of Phillis that never can cloy.

'Tis sparkling Champaign, &c.

In mirth and delight we'll frolick and play,

And jovial, and jovial we'll drink all the day,

With Bacchus and Cupid we'll frolick and play,

With cheeks red as roses or flowers in May.

'Tis sparkling Champaign, &c.

Ye sons of dull care 'tis woman and wine,

Those blessings of nature and Jove's delights,

To man they were given to sooth the dull mind,

Then drink and be cheerful give grief to the wind,

'Tis sparkling Champaign, &c.

S O N G.

NO more shall dull care

Our spirits impair

And make us look fallow and thin;

Jolly Bacchus to night

Shall his Mitimus write,

To send him to hell is no sin.

S O N G.

S O M E T H I N G N E W.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
 The sons of error urge their chace
 The wond'rous to pursue,
 And both in country and in town,
 The courtier cit and clown,
 Solicit something new.

The poets still from nature take,
 And what is ready-made they make,
 Historians must be true ;
 How therefore shall we find a road,
 Thro' dissertation, song or ode,
 To give you something new,

They say virginity is scarce,
 As any thing in prose or verse
 And so is honour too.
 The papers of the day imply
 No more than that we live and die
 And pay for something new.

We see alike the woeful dearth,
 In melancholy, or in mirth,
 Then what shall ladies do.
 Seek virtue as th' immortal prize ;
 In fine be honest and be wise
 For that is something new.

SONG

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. DUNSTALL.

IN LOVE in a VILLAGE.

(St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.)

A Plague o' these Wenches, they make such a
pothor,

When once they have let'n a man have his will ;
They're always a whining for something or other,

And cry he's unkind in his carriage :

What tho'f he speaks them ne'er so fairly,

Still they keep teasing, teasing on :

You cannot perswade 'em,

'Till Promise you've made 'em,

And after they've got it,

They tell you——add rot it !

Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd undone :

And then to be sure, fir,

There is but one cure, fir,

And all the discourse is of marriage,

S O N G.

A Charming girl there lives in town,

Not far from Covent-Garden,

Were I worth ten-thousand pound,

She should have ev'ry farthing

While she is kind, my constant mind

No other thoughts shall harbour,

B 2

Upon

Upon my soul, without controul,
I think she's just the barber.

Toll loll, &c.

The lilly and the damask rose
Are both combin'd together,
Their colours on her cheeks disclose,
In spite of any weather.
Her breast heaves high, with rolling eye,
She's quite the thing I'd have her.
Where you to see above her knee,
You'd swear she was the shaver.

Her taper fingers whiter are
Than snow-drops in the valley ;
No other damsel can compare
With charming, lovely Sally.
So neat her dress I must confess
No quaker can be primmer.
Her chanting tongue so well is hung,
I'm sure she is the trimmer.

Her locks, which are a jetty black,
Hang curling on her shoulders,
And when she lies upon her back
Astonish all beholders.
Her hairy head will stand the brunt,
No bears skin can be rougher ;
If by the bye with her you lie,
She'll soon make you the puffer.

If any one should want to know
The girl that's here intended,

To Bridges street they need but go,
 They there will be befriended.
 The sign's three hairs, one pair of stairs,
 'Tis truth, depend upon't fir,
 She's clean and nice, a crown's the price
 To *kiss* this female tonsor.

S O N G.

The SILENT FLUTE.

AS Damon late with Cloe sat,
 They talk'd of amorous blisses :
 Kind things he said, which she repaid,
 In pleasing smiles and kisses.
 With tuneful tongue of love he sung ;
 She thank'd him for his ditty :
 But said one day, she heard him say,
 The Flute was mighty pretty.

Young Damon, who her meaning knew,
 Took out his pipe to charm her ;
 And while he strove with wanton love,
 And sprightly airs to warm her ;
 She begg'd the swain to play one strain,
 In all the softest measure,
 Whose killing sound would sweetly wound,
 And make her die with pleasure.

Eager to do't, he takes the flute,
 And ev'ry accent traces ;

Love trickling through his fingers flew,
 In tender warbling graces.
 He did his part with wondrous art,
 Expecting praises after ;
 But she, instead of falling dead,
 Broke out into a laughter.

Taking the hint as Cloe ment,
 Said he, my dear be easy :
 I have a flute, which tho' 'tis mute,
 May play a tune to please ye.
 Then down he laid the smiling maid ;
 He found her kind and willing.
 He play'd again, and tho' each strain
 Was silent, yet t'was killing.

Fair Cloe soon approv'd the tune,
 And vow'd he play'd divinely ;
 Let's have it o'er, said she, once more,
 It goes exceeding finely.
 The flute is good that's made of wood :
 And is, I own, the neatest ;
 But ne'ertheless I must confess,
 The silent flute's the sweetest.

S O N G.

AS Wit, Joke and Humour together were fat,
 With liquor a plentiful stock,
 Still varying the scene, with song and with chat,
 The watchman bawl'd, " past twelve o'clock."
 At

At that hour I've read, oft spirits do come,
 And poor timid mortals affright,
 Just then in that instant, one enter'd the room,
 An ancient pale face, meagre sprite.

The phantom appear'd and the candles burnt blue
 Wit and humour began for to stare ;
 Cries out, Joke ! "look'e friends, this is nothing new,
 " Behold !—see, 'tis only Old Care."

" I know he would tell us, 'twas Time sent him here,
 " And tell us 'tis time to be gone ;
 " But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare,
 " We'll finish him e'er it be one."

They quickly agreed, and about it they went,
 Resolving of Care to get free ;
 Wit mov'd it;—and strait they all join'd in consent
 To lay the ghost in the red-sea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off,
 And fav'rite toasts they went round ;
 When humour well pleas'd, thus set up a laugh :
 Quoth he, " how Care looks now he's drown'd

When loud shouting began, huzza they all cry'd,
 " We're rid of this troublesome guest,
 " Fill your bumpers around, let this be our pride,
 " To sing, laugh, and drink to the best."

Now

Now their blood running high with a conquest so
 great,
 To singing and drinking they fix ;
 With the sun they arose, with spirits elate,
 And decently parted at six.

S O N G.

Dedicated to the BRETHREN of that NOBLE ORDER.

To the Tune of—Tantararara Mask all.

BRother Bucks all attend to the theme I shall sing,
 And in chorus so loud make the cieling to ring,
 From thence to the skies let your voices resound,
 While each heart glows with mirth, and the bumbers
 go round. Sing tantararara Bucks all.

But first to our GRAND let us due homage pay,
 And may each grateful Buck his lov'd edicts obey ;
 May his breast fraught with candor be open and free,
 And may all in *high station* be *honest* as he.

Sing tantararara, &c.

From sacred records our sanction we trace.
 Of old NIMROD the *Buck*, who was fond of the *chace*,
 But since that our *Order's* so general become,
Bucks are ev'ry where made, both *abroad* and at *home*,
 Sing tantararara, &c.

Now to *Bucks* of all sects in a health let us join,
 Here's the *Bucks* of the *Bell*, and the *Bucks* of the *Vine*,
 Here's

Here's the *Lodge* at the *Platter*, and likewise to those
Of our *Order* so true, at the *Sun* and the *Rose*.

Sing tantararara, &c.

Let him therefore who rails at our high *appellation*,
Whate'er be his worth, or whatever his station,
Weigh maturely the point,—and pray hard for
good luck,

Or its twenty to one but *incog* he's a *Buck*,

Sing tantararara, &c.

Here's the *Politic Buck*, whose high antlers well
tipp'd,

Shakes his purse at the world while his Doe's fairly
leap'd ;

Here's a glass of condolance to each plodding cit,
That's familiarly buck'd by a *Lord* or a *Wit*.

Sing tantararara, &c.

Here's Sir *Gravity* too in a bumper so clear,
Who oft at our sanction casts many a sneer ;
Thø' in *public* he rails, yet in *private* we know,
He's a *Buck* every inch,—I appeal to his *Doe*,

Sing tantararara, &c.

Now to Bucks all kinds we have toasted success,
Here's the sweet pretty *Does*, for can *true Bucks* do
less ?

Then join in the chorus with accents so shrill,
And may each jolly Buck — have a *Doe* at his will.

Sing tantararara Bucks all,

S O N G

S O N G.

A LOVE SONG in LOW LIFE.

BY the side of a green stagnate pool,
 Brick dust Nan sat scratching her head,
 Her matted locks frizzled her skull,
 As bristles the hedge-hog bespread :
 The wind tost her tatters abroad,
 Her ashen brown beauties reveal'd ;
 A link-boy to her through the mud,
 Bare-footed scamp'd over the field.

O my love, though I cannot well jaw,
 (This pliar at playhouse began)
 Not tobacco so sweet to the chew,
 As to kiss is the lips of my Nan.
 O my love, cries the mud-colour'd she,
 And gave him a rib-squeezing hug,
 I'd sleep in a cellar with thee,
 Though bit by each blood-sucking bug.

Full as black as themselves, now the sky
 To the south of the horizon lower'd ;
 Their wedding to keep in the dry,
 To a stable they hastily scour'd ;
 While rats round them hungry explor'd,
 Undaunted they took their repose :
 All the night in the litter they snor'd,
 And wak'd the next morning to louse.

S O N G

S O N G.

HANS CAVEL'S RING.

Alter'd from Prior.

A Cobler there was and he liv'd in a Stall.

CONdemn not ye critics, my song, nor yet
marvel,

That I sing the Old Tale of the ring of Hans Carvel;
Dan Prior it was who first penn'd it in verse,
Then deign to attend while the Tale I rehearse.

Derry down, down, down, down, derry down.

This doting old Letcher, infirm and decay'd,
Came to town for a buxom young wife, as 'tis
said;

She was sprightly and gay, and had wit too at will:
And her tongue, like most women's, would seldom
lie still.

Derry, down, &c.

When her mind undisturb'd was with troubles
and cares,
And her thoughts disengag'd from domestic affairs,
She would wake in the morning about nine or ten,
Drink her chocolate, and fast asleep fall again.

Derry, down, &c.

At

At Noon, as 'twas usual, the lady arose ;
And by Two she perhaps would have slip'd on her
cloaths :

And if dear Col'nel Careless had happen'd to come,
She would then condescend to stay dinner at home.

Derry down, &c.

The dinner once over, abroad in the park
She would ramble a turn or two, till it was dark ;
'Till at length such vagaries gave Carvel some pain,
And strange jealous whimsies possess'd the Knight's
brain.

Derry down, &c.

With a view to reclaim then his frolicksome wife,
The good man recommended amendment of Life ;
Bid her only reflect how short-liv'd beauty was,
Saying all men are frail, and all flesh is but grass !

Derry down, &c.

But how vain his Attempt to produce Reformation,
She held him and his cant in alike detestation,
And whatever the fractious old Fumbler could say,
The Col'nel and she went abroad e'ery Day.

Derry down, &c.

At length, tir'd out with impatience, he cry'd,
Some method or other must surely be try'd :
And if in this case I should question the Devil,
'Tis but to prevent a much greater Evil.

Derry down &c.

Talk of Satan, they say, and he straight will
appear.

And the proverb was instantly verify'd here :
For one night with vexation he went to bed sick,
And who should he see in a dream, but old Nick ?
Derry down, &c.

What spectre art thou, and what wouldst thou
have ?

My name, Sir, is Satan says he, and your slave ;
I am come, honest Hans, to remove all your grief,
Take this Ring, and it shortly give you relief.
Derry down, &c.

Wear this on your Finger, you need not to fear,
But your bus'ness will quickly be done to a Hair ;
For as certain as ever I look'd over Lincoln,
That shall ne'er come to pass which you tremble to
think on. *Derry down, &c.*

Then thrusting the Ring, beyond the main joint,
Hans in raptures exclaim'd, I've at last gain'd
my Point ! *bear,*
What point says, his wife ? why you drunken old
You've thrust in your finger—the Devil knows
where.

Derry down, &c.

Learn hence, ye old Dotards, this maxim from
me ;

No Charm can be found against impotency :

F

Far

For however easy the Bus'ness may seem,
 The Ring of Hans Carvel is nought but a Dream.
Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

An Invitation to the Court of COMUS.

By G. ROLLIS.

*(Come, come, my good Shepherd, 'our Flock we must
 shear).*

Come, come, ye choice spirits, together resort,
 In your Holyday Suits to great Comus's
 Court ;

The heartiest of Bloods are the joyous and free ;
 And who are so joyous, so happy as we ?

We harbour no precepts by dull Cynics taught,
 We practice no rules, with sobriety fraught :
 The thoughts of our hearts you may read in our
 eyes,
 For knowing no terror we need no disguise,

By sanctify'd maxims are hypocrites sway'd ;
 But we all the children of pleasure are bred :
 By her dictates alone we are guided to prove
 The delights of the bottle, and raptures of love.

That giant the watchman we never can dread ;
 His intrusion we punish by breaking his head :
Champagne

Champaine and burgundy expel all our care,
And we toast the kind girl, be she black, brown or
fair.

When love has possess'd us, some damsel we hire,
Whose eyes like the liquor inflame our desire :
So joyous and hearty we'll drink and be gay,
And leave sober cits to defraud and betray.

S O N G.

AN INVITATION to COMUS's COURT.

COME hither, come hither, ye languishing
swains,
Here's a balm will cure, and relieve all your pains :
To the fountain of pleasure in rapture resort,
'Tis the summons of *Humour* to *Comus's* Court,
'Tis *Comus* invites, then the summons obey,
Awhile leave your cares, and to pleasure away.

There *Phæbus* shall sing, and old *Momus* shall laugh,
And his bottle of Nectar brave *Bacchus* shall quaff ;
While *Time*, honest *Time* for awhile shall be still,
And sit down like a *Soul* till he tipples his fill.
Nor *Care*, nor *Mistrust* shall intrude on our joys,
For *Comus* invites, then away my brave boys.

Should losses or crosses perplex ye, besure
Ply the glass briskly round. for misfortune a cure :

Æsculapius of old had recourse to the bowl,
 And the *Doctor*, they say, was a *special good soul*;
 While *Health*, rosy *Health*, fills the bumpers around,
 For without 'em, he swears, there's no bliss to be
 found.

Then away, my brave fellows, to *Comus's* shrine,
 Where *Friendship* and *Humour* incessantly join ;
 Where *Freedom* and *Mirth* with the bottle unite
 To beguile all your cares, and with rapture delight,
 Then hark to the call, and the summons obey,
 'Tis *Comus* invites, to his *Temple* away.

S O N G.

By G. ROLLOS.

(*If Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment ?*)

IF chloe's an angel, why does she torment ?
 If coquettish, O tell me, whence comes my
 content ?
 When I gaze on her beauty, why should I com-
 plain,
 Or lament that she's fair, when I know 'tis in vain ?
 Tho' so graceful her mien is, so scornful's her air,
 That at once she enthralls me with love and de-
 spair.

I approach her respectful, and when we're alone,
 By my Aspect dejected I make my grief known ;
 But

But, O, how I'm blest when so kind she appears,
 By some artful design to expel all my fears !
 When disguising her scorn, she encreases my flame,
 And fills me with raptures too boundless to name.

S O N G.

An INVIVATION to PLEASURE,

To the tune of Humphry Gravot.

PLEASURE, goddess all divine,
 Come, O come, my soul is thine :
 Come, O come, with graceful air,
 Come, and drive away dull care.

Care that suits with sordid minds,
 Such as fear or av'rice binds,
 Selfish, fullen, human brutes,
 Those alone dull care best suits.

Bring with thee sweet dimpled love,
 Cupid will with pleasure rove,
 Bacchus too must join the train,
 Bacchus prompts the jocund strain.

Merry Momus too appear,
 Momus is a foe to care,
 Let me, let me join the choir,
 Pleasure is my souls desire.

I'll with Bacchus toss the glafs,
 And with Cupid toast my lasfs,
 Or with waggish Momus laugh,
 Thus I'll love, and thus I'll quaff.

Hence with all your sober rules,
 Wretched pedants, prating fools !
 Musty morals I despise,
 Love and mirth can make us wise.

S O N G.

To the 'Tune,' of, when I was a Young Man, I sat
 in the Parlour.

TH E girls of Killenny, so buxom and frisky,
 Wou'd oftentimes treat me with claret and
 wisky. Botheroo Didderoo.

Cafe why, I cou'd dance sing and caper so gaily,
 And my heart was as stout as the heart of Shilaley.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

But Cupid the blinker that arch mischief-maker.
 For Ruggedy Madge caus'd my bowels to quake
 Sir.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Oh ! Ruggedy Madge was the fair creature's name
 Sir.

For whom my poor bosom was all in a flame Sir.
Brotheroo, Didderoo.

But Oh ! when I came to address and adore her,
I tumbled down backwards straits forwards before.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Sweet creature said I——can you fancy a lover,
That now will conceal what he now will discover.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

But she with her looks and her tongue gan to jeer
me,
And shutting her eyes——was resolv'd not to hear
me.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Struck dumb with this usage, said I you false
creature,
You'll meet with your match neither sooner nor
later.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Then all ye young lovers by me take a warning,
And pay no regard to their flouting and scorning.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

So boldly resolve to be buxom and jolly,
For it magnifies nothing to die melancholy.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Then

Then when you are dead, they will treat you with
laughter,
And call you a fool all your life ever after.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

S O N G.

The AMOURS of the CATS.

A BURLESQUE-ODE,

By G. ROLLOS.

R E C I T A T I V E.

TWAS dead of night, when, as historians
say,

The sisters weird pale Hecate's call obey :
When on the chimney, or along the wall,
The furry tribe are heard to catterwaul ;
Tybert, the largest of Grimalkin's race,
In Cloacina's temple * took his place,
Where well he knew fair mopsy did resort,
To whom he long in vain had paid his court ;
There while he purr'd——tho' understood by few,
Except to such as well cat language knew,
He yell'd in hideous catter-wauling strains,
His dismal moan——which thus the muse explains :

* Cloacina was the goddess who presided over the common
sewers, whence the definition of cloacina's temple here-mentioned,
we take to be the necessary house,

SCRIBLERUS,

A I R

A I R,

(Despairing beside a clear stream.)

O mopsy, for whom e'ery night,
 I sit here and wait all alone,
 Forfake not your poor Tybert quite,
 But lend a kind ear to his moan ;
 And while thro' the gutters you range,
 Or over the house-tops you stray,
 Say, is it, ah ! is it not strange,
 That you never will crawl down this way ?

To please a young kitling like you,
 O what shall a tabby cat say ?
 Is it blacky alone can subdue,
 The lilly-white Mopsy I pray ?
 For you I neglect my employ
 Of catching the mice in the barn ;
 Unheeded the grain they destroy,
 Regardless they eat up the corn.

As once we so lovingly sat,
 And together we watch'd all the day,
 If it chanc'd that I kill'd a great rat,
 My mopsy had share of the prey ;
 But now I disconsolate mew,
 And make the house ring with my yell,
 No Mopsy will answer me now ;
 So, hard-hearted Mopsy farewell !

R. E.

R E C I T A T I V E.

He said—when, lo ! the temple's summit shakes ;
 And now, with panic terror struck—he quakes,
 His bristled black confess'd poor Tybert scar'd,
 When the tiles rattling o'er his head he heard,
 And thro' the unroof'd dome he Mopsy saw,
 With a huge boar-cat fighting—claw for claw :
 Now to his mistress' succour strait he tries,
 And dart his talons in his rival's eyes.
 Who fled—thus vanquish'd by the chance of war,
 And left behind rich spoils of scatter'd fur :
 The rescu'd female joyful wags her tail,
 And her deliv'rer thus proceeds to hail :

A I R.

(No nymph that trips the verdant plain),

No more shall brave Tybert complain
 Of Mopsy's cruelty ;
 Since he from Pluto's fierce attacks,
 At length has set me free :
 In honour of this great event,
 Shall cats and kitlings all,
 Within the stately Temple make,
 One glorious catterwaul.

Then, to the goddess of this place,
 Each night we'll sacrifice,
 And make the vaulty roof resound
 With our harmonious cries ;

For

For her the firstling of our love,
 That meet the wat'ry doom,
 Shall with these odours intermix,
 And rise one rich perfume.

The rest who happily escape
 The cruel caticide *
 A gilded collar shall adorn,
 And silver-bell beside :
 Then let the cat-call's tuneful sound,
 Our nuptial rites proclaim !
 While bards in loftiest strains shall sing,
 Of Tib and Mopsy's fame.

S O N G.

Signior CATGUTTINA's Lamentation.

A Burletta.

R I C I T A T I V O.

VERE is mine lose, mine pretty dammoseina
 Dat she no come to make mine shirt look
 cleaner ;
 Vat is the reason she no come before,
 To mend mine preeches, vith so much are tore.

* Caticide—this term (according to Mr. Bailey, the ingenious author of the English dictionary) implies a destroyer of cats, likewise the action of cat-killing.

A I R

A I R.

To the tune of, Dearest creature of all nature,

Dammoseina
Neat and cleana

O my losely beauteous las,

Put some stiches

In my preeches,

Or de folks—vill see mine a—se,

Put some stiches

In my preeches,

Or de folks—vill see mine a—se.

Or de folks, &c.

Bring some soap to vash and scower,
And some starch, or else some flower ;
Haste, O haste, mine losly fair,
Vile I curl and pinsh mine air.

Dammoseina neat, &c.

Vid mine fidel I'll delight ye,
Musie charms will sure invite ye,
Come, O come mine Dammoseina,
To your faithful Catguttina.

Demmoseina neat, &c.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Vas ever man before in such a plight
Vat must I do ? to night, is Op'ra night—
But hark !—I hear her knocking at de door,
Come in you little, pretty, saucy ore.

ITALIAN

I T A L I A N A I R.

S H E.

Eh ! feignior vat you call a me,
 If you say fuch vorts encore,
 I vil so cuff and maul ye,
 I'll teach you call me Ore.
 I'll teach you call me whore,
 I'll teach you, &c
 I heard you say so just as I,
 Vas coming at de door,
 Vas coming at the door.
 Vas coming at, &c.

R E C I T A T I V O.

H E

By gar my angels I was in jest,
 For ven I call you ore—I lose you best.

I T A L I A N A I R.

Come den mine Dammoseina,
 Here take mine rofel'd shirt,
 And wash it nice and cleanna,
 For Ah ! 'tis black as dirt ;
 Den make mine Breeches whole and tight.
 And I will—kifs you for't
 And I will—kifs you for't.

G

S O N G

S O N G.

A NEW MEDLEY.

WHene'er I meet my Celia's eyes,
 Populous cities please me then ;
 And the busy hum of men.
 And the busy, busy, hum——
 And the busy, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me,
 And drink and drive care away,
 Drink and be merry,
 For why shou'd we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys ?
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
 Goes thorough
 The charming Diore, lovely fair,
 Sweetest of——sweetest of thy sex adieu.
 Thou joys to great Cæsar,
 Long life, love and pleasure,
 Here's a health to the duke boys,
 Fill your glasses full :
 And let me wander not unseen,
 By hedge row elms, and hillocks green,
 And there I laid her down,
 And towzled her about,
 With my fal, lal, la, fall, lal, lal, lal, lal.
 And I begah to say,
 Fair lady ! lay your costly robes aside ;
 No longer must you glory in your locks as before,
 And

And if you will have her,
 You must fly in her arms, and catch her
 By the heigh ho ! who's above ?
 No body here but I my love,
 Shall I come up and see how you do ?
 Ay ! marry, who knocks at my chamber door ?
 'Tis I all shiv'ring and shaking
 Poor ensign Bevely.
 Dear Molly, for what shou'd we stay ?
 'Till our best blood, begins to run
 Down the red lane, down the red lane,
 Down among the dead men ;
 There let ambition fire thy mind,
 Thou wert born ——
 Ye mortals ! that love drinking,
 Apply yourselves to me :
 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, mad Tom,
 Drives all——all——all——before me,
 While to my royal throne I come ;
 Bow down, down, down,
 Bow down, down, down, down,
 Bow down, my slaves, and adore me ;
 Your sov'reign lord the king,
 Long live our noble king,
 God save the king :
 Send him victorious,
 Happy, happy, happy pair :
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 Shall fight, fight and record,

The girls in our town,
 The black, the yellow, the fair, the brown :
 With an old woman cloathed in grey,
 Whose daughter was charming and young,
 And she was deluded away,
 By old Sir Simon the king,
 And young Sir Simon the squire,
 With Roger and Nell,
 Come Simkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 With finging and dancing.
 In pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home,
 For we're gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,
 And we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet,
 Then sit ye awhile, and tipples a bit,
 For we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet,

S O N G.

The WAY TO WIN HER ;

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

YOUTHFUL and buxom—such the will of
 fate ;

Dorinda mourn'd, alas ! her widow state :
 With sighs and tears, in dismal black array'd,
 She all the awful charms of grief display'd.

Such

Such charms as soon a croud of lovers drew,
 Who lik'd her person much, and money too;
 But ev'ry art they us'd was all in vain,
 For thus she vow'd she ne'er would wed again.

A I R.

To the Tune of Mingotte's Minuet.

Hear I swear it,
 Heav'n shall hear it,
 I will ever constant prove,
 To the dearest
 And sincerest,
 To my first and only love,
 Leave you wooing,
 Cease pursuing,
 All your sighing,
 Swearing, lying,
 Ne'er, O ne'er shall win me more.

RECITATIVE.

A smart young captain came among the rest,
 And in a diff'rent strain his love express'd,
 Not bowing, sighing, cringing, and all that,
 But hugs and kisses, to the business pat,
 And, while he clasp her struggling to his breast,
 In jocund vain the widow he address'd :

A I R

To the tune of Murdock O Blaney!

I prithee, no more of this old-fashion'd folly,
ma'am,

'Tis a sin against nature, to waste thus your
prime,

Consider, you're youthful and handsome and jolly,
ma'am,

If you love pleasure, now, now is your time ;

Come then, let's away, my dear,

Make no delay, my dear.

I see by your eyes, that love thinks it no crime.

By heav'n, your charms are divine,

Your lips are like honey I swear,

If you will consent to be mine,

You shall not repent it, my dear.

RECITATIVE.

As the dark night yields to the approaching day,

So the blithe captain banish'd care away,

No longer sorrow faulter'd on her tongue,

But with a smile consenting thus she sung :

A I R.

To the Tune of Nancy Dawson.

Dear captain, I must needs declare,

Your jocund manner pleasing air,

Have

Have done your business to a hair,
 And 'faith, I think you clever,
 With other arts you ne'er had won
 What mirth and humour now have done,
 You have finish'd well what you begun,
 And I am yours for ever.

S O N G.

Young Celadon's mistress was wonderous coy,
 Tho' she liv'd on his looks all the day,
 Not a word cou'd she squeeze from the amorous
 boy.

Not a syllable else could she say

But, my Delia,

Let me feel ye

Tal de rad de dad de dal dum di.

When he met the dear nymph, at a gate or a stile,
 He would hand her most gallantly o'er.

But a dunce in his courtship he was all the while,

And address'd her again as before,

O, my Delia,

Let me feel ye

Tal de rad de &c.

With a blush on her cheek, his petition she heard,
 Tho' she knew not the drift of her swain.

To the note of the thristle his voice she preferr'd,

Which oblig'd him to sing it again,

Dearest

Dearest Delia,
Let me feel ye

Tal de rad de &c.

To a green mossy bank the inquisitive maid
By the favouring light of the moon,
With her comical lover unthinkingly stray'd,
Where the meaning she found very soon,
Of my Delia,
Let me feel ye

Tal de rad de dad de dal dum di.

S O N G.

A B U R L E S Q U E on

Ye Mortals, in Lethe.

YE bucks, and ye bloods, who're so jovial and
gay,
Who dress, and who rove from the park to the
play,
Who in drinking and singing do take such de-
light,
Who roar, and who rant, and who kiss all the
night ;
Obey the glad summons, to D-r-y's repair,
There frolic and drink, and there kiss away
care.]

There

There the old grave looking cit may rake and
 sing on,
 Secure from the scandal of what he has done,
 There the bashful and young may be soon taught
 the game,
 For the doxies will teach them in kissing's no
 shame.

Obey the glad summons, &c.

There the husband, secure from his plague of a
 wife,
 May soon please his palate, with the sweetness of
 life,
 For girls young and buxom, and black, red and
 brown,
 There wait but their cull's call to kifs, and lay
 down.

Obey the glad summons, &c.

Here's to all those gay souls, who around me ap-
 pear,
 Who spout, and who drink, and who kifs all the
 year ;
 Now, now, while we're young, let us these plea-
 sures prove.
 Then let's drink this toast, to the girl that we love.
 Obey the glad summons, &c.

S O N G

S O N G.

The D R E A M.

YE critics, I pray, be not piqu'd at my theme,
What I'm going to tell you is nought but a
Dream :

Methought from *Jack Speed**, came an odd invitation,
To convene the *Choice Spirits* of this laughing
nation. Derry down.

I have promis'd, quoth *Jack*, at old *Pluto's* desire,
A grand *Highborlace* (for there's none shall be
higher)

And provided his *Highness* would honour the *Chair*,
That all the *Choice Spirits* that night should appear.
Derry down.

T'obey the command of my friend I soon hasted,
Nor a moment, (till all things were settled) was
wasted ;

To the place where the carriages inn'd, we soon hied.
With *Sbuter*, *Matt. Skeggs*, and a hundred beside.
Derry down.

We soon left behind this terrestrial sphere,
And quickly to view did Elysium appear,

* The first Person who formed the *Choice Spirits* into a Society,
who used in his Life-Time, to assemble at his House, the *White-
Horse-Inn*, in *Fetter-Lane*.

Where swarms of odd creatures were kenn'd on the
shore,

Who, as they descry'd us, huzza'd more and more,
Derry down.

Jack Speed stepping forth with a welcome to all,
Conducted us strait to old *Pluto's* great hall,
Who seated aloft with majestical air,
Bid us set down and eat of the table's good fare.
Derry down,

Of various repasts we pertook with a glee,
Both immortals and mortals were happy and free,
'Till fully supply'd and the dishes remov'd,
Old *Pluto Jack*, ask'd what liquor we lov'd?
Derry down.

Brandy-Punch, quoth our friend, is the liquor I think,
The *Choice Spirits* on earth, us'd in my time to drink,
—Why then, says old *Pluto*, if you'll undertake it,
I prithee, friend *Jack*, be so kind as to make it.
Derry down.

A rich bowl then was brought of a glorious size,
Had ye seen it, in faith 'twou'd ha' dazzled your eyes,
Full of good *English Brandy*, for *French* we ha' none,
Because 'twas a foe to *Old England* and—fun.
Derry down.

Then a true son of *Comus* and humour on earth,
Jack Beard, op'd the scence, full of music and mirth,

Quoth *Pluto*, such strains before I ne'er heard,
 Fill your bumpers, my lads ; here's a health to *Jack*
Beard. Derry down.

With applause the wide hall, for some moments
 had rung.

When *Lowe* was soon call'd on by *Beard* for a song ;
 That done, quoth old *Pluto* ;—'tis charming I trow ;
 Fill your bumpers agin ; here's a health to *Tom Lowe*.
 Derry down.

George Stevens, a bard of good spirits and wit,
 To enhance the gay scene with his humour thought
 fit.

O bravo ! says *Pluto*, 'tis glorious, by heavens ;
 Fill the glasses around ; come, your health, Master
Stevens. Derry down.

Ned Shuter, for humour and drolley fam'd,
 For a comical *Catch* was the fourth that was nam'd :
 Ha ! ha ! cries old *Pluto*, I'm cur'd for the future ;
 Adieu to the *spleen*-- Here's to merry *Ned Shuter*.
 Derry down.

The next was *Matt. Skeggs*, with his droll nose and
 chin,

Who tipped us a grunt eh, eh, eh, and a grin :
Pluto swore 'twas a pleasure to live with such wags,
 And a bumper to's'd off to his lordship *Matt Skeggs*.
 Derry down.

Then

Then *Hickman* began with a soft lulling strain,
 That like music celestial thrill'd soft thro' each vein;
 Quoth *Pluto*, such notes must revive e'en a *sick man*;
 Come, your glasses, my lads, fill up to *Joe Hickman*
 Derry down.

Then *Reynolds* and *Bowyer* rose up with their flutes,
 When the company all were as silent as mutes:
 He that likes not such music (quoth *Pluto*) has no ear,
 So we'll tofs off a bumper to *Reynolds* and *Bowyer*.
 Derry Down.

Then *Rooker* and *Masse*y, with *Collins* and *Yates*,
 Join'd with *Hammond* and *Harbin*, to baffle the fates;
 When *Pluto* no longer could give out the toast,
 But was fairly oblig'd to relinquish his post.
 Derry down.

Confusion and uproar succeeded amain,
 'Till 'twas time to return to *Old England* again
 When full of good liquor these turbulent blades,
 With a drunken huzza, bid adieu to the *Shades*.
 Derry down.

S O N G

The HONEST FELLOW.

PHO! pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
 And talk of your *Phillis* and *Cloe* no more;
 H Their

Their face, and their air, and their mein, what a rout!
 Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.
 Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape ;
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape,
 But we honest fellows, 'sdeath who'd ever think
 Of puling, for love while he's able to drink.
 Of puling &c.

'Tis wine only wine that true pleasure bestows,
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes ;
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king,
 The Man, &c.

If Cupid assualts you, there's law for his tricks,
 Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six ;
 The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul ;
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl,
 Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolick, a song, and a laugh ?
 My toast shall be this whilst I've liquor to quaff,
 May mirth and good fellowship always abound ?
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

CANTATA.

C A N T A T A.

The SANDMAN'S WEDDING.

R E C I T A T I V E.

AS Joe the sandman drove his noble team.
 Of raw-rump'd asses, sand ho! was his theme;
 Just as he turn'd the corner of the street,
 His dear lov'd Befs the bunter chanc'd to meet :
 With joy cried woa ! did turn his quid and stare ;
 First sucks her gums, and then address'd the fair.

A I R.

Forgive me, if I praise thy charms,
 Thy darting eyes, lips, neck and arms ;
 Thy breasts to Joe always appear
 Like two small hills of sand, my dear ;
 Thy beauties, Befs, from top to toe,
 Have stole the heart of sandman Joe.

Come wed, my dear, and let's agree,
 Then of the gin-club you'll be free ;
 No brickmaker or ragman's frow
 Dare then reproach thee Befs for Joe ;
 He is the kiddy rum and queer,
 That all St. Giles's boys do fear.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Befs, swell'd with gratitude, at length reply'd,
 Must Joey proffer thus, and be deny'd :
 No, no, my Joe shall have his heart's delight,
 And we'll be wedded ere we sleep this night.

Well spoke, quoth Joe, no more need say.
Gee up Galloway ; d'ye want any sand to-day.

A I R.

Joe quickly his sand had sold, fir,
And Bess got a basket of rags,
Then up to St. Giles's they stroll'd, fir,
To every bunter Bess brags.
Then unto the gin shop they pike it,
And Bess was admitted, we hear ;
For none of the crew dare but like it,
As Joey her kiddy was there.

Full of glee, untill ten that they started,
For supper Joe sent out a win :
A hog's maw between them was parted,
After they had fill'd it with gin.
So 'twas on an old leather trunk, fir,
Marry'd they were, ne'er to part :
But Bessy she being blind drunk, fir,
Joe drove her away in his cart.

S O N G.

The F O R T U N E - H U N T E R.

To the tune of— *A soldier and a sailor.*

Attend unto my prate, fir,
And you shall hear how late, fir,

A

A tonfor woo'd a lady,
 In hopes to touch her *ready*,
 And much to win her said;
 But madam smelt a rat, fir,
 And found what he'd be at, fir,
 And in the sequel mind, fir,
 She serv'd him in his kind, fir,
 This fortune hunting blade.

The courtship he pursu'd, fir,
 The lady seem'd quite good, fir,
 The *Shaver* hugg'd himself, fir,
 In fancy told her pelf, fir,
 And blest his happy fate :
 Like *Quixot* famous knight, fir,
 He thought that all was right, fir,
Dulcinia's golden charms, fir,
 As good as in his arms, fir,
 Nor dream't she'd prove ingrate.

At length, the happy dawn, fir,
 Reveal'd the long-wish'd morn, fir,
 When *Puff* in all his pride, fir,
 Prepar'd to sheet his bride, fir,
 But mark the dire event :
 A message from the lady,
 Was at the door already ;
 A bulky bag he bore, fir ;
 Which seem'd a wondrous store, fir ;
 And to him did present :

My Lady sends her service,
Says, here what you deserve is,
And hopes that you'll approve, fir,
This token of her love, fir,

And so he took his leave ;
The heroe's joy abounded,
But soon was quite confounded,
When, lo ! upon my word, fir,
The bag was fill'd with t—d, fir,
Which made him rant and rave.

Learn hence ye bilking squires,
To quell your high desires ;
Your empty prate and noise, firs,
Will prove but meer decoys, firs,

To gain a lady's mind :
From popish arts refrain, firs,
Or all your hopes are vain, firs,
Not think that female beauty,
Consistent with its duty,
To such can e'er be kind.

S O N G.

The SPECTACLE MAKER.

(O Delia how fond and how speethless am I.)

AS upright and strait as my *post* is the fair,
Her skin with my *polisher* vies ;

Her

Her Breath may with fresh-melted *cement* compare,
And with *well polish'd glasses* her eyes.

As fable her hair as the *small-coal* I use,
Her teeth my fine *putty* bespeaks ;
My *seventh-wash'd em'ry* its colour must lose,
Compar'd with the dye of her cheeks.

A *tool* on which *concave* for *myops* are ground,
Shews the spherical form of each breast ;
But say, ye opticians, what *tool* can be found,
Whereby all their velvet's exprest ?

A *metoline Speculum* void of a flaw,
Well figures her action's perfection,
Which o'er the most beauty my eyes ever saw
Diffuses a *splendid reflection*.

S O N G.

LOVE and WINE.

(*Brisk Wine makes us gay and 'tis beauty leads on.*)

BY Bacchus and Cupid assisted, we'll sing
The charms of good liquor and love ;
We'll carouse in soft pleasure, for time's on the
wing,
And the wine shall our sorrows remove.

CHORUS,

C H O R U S.

We'll be jovial and gladsome, and cheerfully
 smile,
 While Peggy and claret the minutes beguile.
 Then take off the glass in a health to the fair,
 And let it go merrily round ;
 Let's despise e'ery symptom of anxious dull care,
 While with transport and mirth we abound.

C H O R U S.

We'll be jovial and gladsome, and cheerfully smile,
 While Peggy and claret the minutes beguile,
 'Tis the generous nymph and the sparkling Cham-
 pagne.
 That afford us such bliss and delight ;
 They enliven our joys and expel e'ery pain,
 And crown us w h blessings all night.

C H O R U S.

Then jovial and gladsome we'll cheerfully smile,
 While Peggy and claret the minutes beguile.
 Then first with brisk nectar we'll cherrish the heart,
 And drown all our cares in the bowl ;
 Then to the kind fair one our wishes impart,
 And with beauty replenish the soul.

C H O.

(81)

C H O R U S.

We'll be jovial and gladsome, and cheerfully
smile;
While Peggy and claret the minutes beguile.

S O N G.

The C O U N T R Y W A K E.

C O M E lasses and lads, take leave of your dads,
And away to the may-pole hie :
For every he, has got him a she,
And a fidler standing by ;
There's Willy has got his Jill, and Johnny has got
his Joan,
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jit it, jit it up and down.
There's Willy has got his Jill, &c.

Begin says Harry, aye, aye, says Molly,
We'll lead up Packington's pound ;
No says Nell, and no says Doll,
We'll first have Sallinger's round :
Then every man did put his hat off to his lase,
And every maid did curtsy, &c. on the grass,
Then every man did put, &c.

Strike up says Wat, agreed says Kate,
pray the fidler play ;
Content says Hodge, and so says Magde,
for this is a holliday :

Then

Then every man began to foot it round about,
And every maid did jetty, &c. in and out.

Then every man began, &c.

You're out says Dick, you lie says Nick,
The fidler plays it false ;
So says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says nimble Ales ;
The fidler then began to play the tune again,
And every maid did trip it, &c. unto the men.
The fidler, &c.

Let's kiss says Nan, content says Jane,
And so says every she ;
How many says Nat, why three says Matt,
For this is a maiden's fee ;
But they instead of three, did give them half a score;
The men in kindness, &c. gave them as many more.
But they instead, &c.

Then after an hour, they tripp'd to a bow'r,
To play for ale and cakes :
And kisses too, until they were due,
The maidens held the stakes ;
The women then began, to quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses back, and give 'em
their own again.
The women then, &c.

Thus they sat, until it was late,
And tir'd the fidler quite ;

With finging and playing, without any paying,
 From morning until night :
 They told the fidler then, they'd pay him for his
 play
 And each gave two pence, &c. and went their way.
 They told, &c.

Good night says Cis, good night says Pris,
 Good night says Harry to doll ;
 Good night says John, good night says Joan,
 Good night says every one :
 Some ran, some went, some staid, some tarry'd by
 the way,
 Each bound themselves in kisses twelve, to meet the
 next holliday.
 Some ran, some went, &c.

S O N G.

The RARITIES OF LONDON. A MEDLEY.

(*Ge bo Dobbin.*)

COME Roger, and listen to where I have been,
 Ize tell thee what wonderful zights I have
 zeen ;
 Such places for pastime, as now bear renown,
 In that famous zity, called fair London town,
 Oh brave London ! Oh sweet London !
 In that famous zity, call'd fair London town.

(*John*)

(John and Betty.)

First you must know,
That we did go
 Into the zity :
And zaw not far
From Temble-bar,
 The wax-work pretty.

(I made love to Kate, &c)

Then they carried me,
 To church built by St. Paul ;
Tho' thousands I did zee,
 'Twas bigger than 'em all,
And up the winding stairs,
 Amaz'd, we did ascend ;
So many, waunds ! I thought,
 We ne'er shou'd zee an end,
 But how I gap'd and star'd,
 When to the top we came,
 Had you been in my place,
 Why you'd have done the zame.

(Tom loves Mary passing well, &c.)

To Guild-hall next we did repair,
 That we might view the giants :
They told me they stood always there,
 To bid the French defiance.

That

Some people are mad for the want of a title ,
 And some for the want of estate ;
 Some are mad with too much, as are some with
 too little,
 While ev'ry one curses his fate.

The miser who eagerly grasps all his store,
 Grows mad while he fingers the pelf ;
 Still madder whenever he thinks there is more,
 But what does not belong to himself.

The poor starving wit, with his stomach so keen,
 Looks mad at the want of a dinner ;
 The gamester grows mad, when he find's that he's
 bit,
 And good luck turns the brains of the winner.

The spouting young clerk, with his compting-
 house face,
 From *Dryden* or *Otway* rehearses ;
 And thinks with the crow'd for a *Garrick* to pass,
 While madly he mangles their verses.

The lover is mad when for beauty he sighs,
 And kneels at the foot of the fair,
 The fair one is mad for believing his lies,
 And vainly indulging her care.

The lawyer is mad at the time of vacation,
 The doctor is mad for his fee,

The statesman is mad with the cares of the nation,
The nation's as mad full as he.

S O N G.

The SERVANT's medley.

H O U S E M A I D.

(Nancy Dawson.)

I pray ye, gentles list to me,
I'm young, and strong, and clean to see;
I'll not turn tail to any the
For Work, that's in the country;
Of all your house the charge I take,
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake.
And more can do than here I'll speak,
Depending on your bounty.

F O O T M A N.

(Your bumble servant madam.)

Behold a blade, who knows his Trade
In chamber, hall, and entry ;
And what tho' here, I now appear,
I've serv'd the best of gentry.

A footman would you have,
I can dress, and comb, and shave,
For I a handy lad am,
On a message I can go,
And slip a billet-doux,
With your humble servant madam.

C O O K - M A I D.

(Ob the roast beef of old England,)

Who wants a good Cook, my Hand they must
cross;
For plain wholesome dishes i'm ne'er at a loss,
And what are your soups, your regouts and your
sauc,
Compar'd with the beef of old England &c.

C A R T E R.

(Gee ho dobbin)

If you want a young Man, with a true honest
heart,
Who knows how to manage a plough and cart,
Here's one for your purpose, come take me and try;
You'll say you ne'er met with a better nor I,
Ge ho dobbin, &c.

(90)

C H O R U S.

(Balance a straw.)

My masters and mistresses hither repair,
What servants you want you will find in our Fair ;
Men and maids fit for all sorts of stations there be ;
And as for the wages, we shan't disagree.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

What cheer my honest messmates,

THere was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river dee ;
He work'd and sung, from morn 'till night,
No lark more blith than he,
And this the burthen of his song,
For ever us'd to be :
I care for no body, not I,
If no one cares for me,

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in the Same.

(From the east breaks the morn.)

LE T gay ones and great,
Make the most of their fate,

From

From pleasure to pleasure they run ;
 Well, who cares a jot,
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light :
 The blisses I find,
 No Sting leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. LOWE at Vauxhall.

ON the white cliffs of Albion, see Fame where
 she stands,
 And her shrill swelling notes reach the neighbouring
 lands ;
 Of the natives free born, and their conquests she
 sings.
 The happiest of men, with the greatest of kings.

George the Third she proclaims, his vast glory re-
 peats,
 His undismay'd legions, invincible fleets ;
 Whom nor castles or rocks can from honour retard,
 Since e'en death for their king, they with scorn
 disregard,

O ! but see a cloud burst, and an angel appears,
'Tis Peace, lovely virgin, dissolved in tears ;
Say, Fame, cry'd the maid, is't not time to give
o'er,
With sieges and famine, explosions and gore.

His just rights to assert hath the king amply try'd,
Nor his wisdom or strength can opponents abide,
Then no longer in rage let dread thunders be hurl'd
But leave him to me, and give ease to the world.

'Tis done, and great George is to mercy inclin'd,
The blest word is gone forth for the good of man-
kind ;
'Tis the act of a Briton to beat, than to spare,
And our King is a Briton, deny it who dare.

To Hodgson and Keppel let bumpers then smile,
And to all our brave troops, who have taken Bel-
leisle,
May they meet just reward, and with courage ad-
vance,
Still to humble the pride and the power of France.

Charge your glasses lip high, and drink health to
the king,
To the Duke and the Princess, and make the air
ring ;

May

May the days of great George, be all happy and
 long,
 And the man * still be right, who yet never was
 wrong.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in Village.

(Ye prigs who are troubled with conscience's qualms)

Ons ! neighbour, ne'er blush for a Trifle
 like this.

What harm with a fair one to toy and to kifs ?
 The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace;
 Would do the same thing, were they in the same
 place.

No age, no profession, no station is free :
 To sovereign beauty mankind bend the knee :
 That Power, resistless, no strength can oppose :
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

S O N G.

Diana's Hunt.

RISE, rise, brother bucks, see how ruddy's the
 morn,
 Diana's been long on the plain ;

* Mr. Secretary Pitt.

Hark

Hark ! hark ! 'tis the found of the hounds and the
horn,

Repeated by echo again :

Then to horse, my brave boys, to the chace let's
away ;

For the pleasures of hunting admit no delay.

If our hounds, when they're dragging the wood-
lands around,

Unkennel the fox from his den ;

Or if, when they're trailing along on the ground,

A pufs should be started——oh then

So ho, crys our huntsman, so ho, she's in view,

Then with hounds in full cry we'll the pastime
pursue.

But, if we should meet with an out-lying deer,

The pastime so royal we'll rouze ;

Pursue him, till slain, where he flies, without fear,

And ne'er the glad sight of him lose :

Neither hedges, nor ditches shall set us our bounds,

Whilst our hunters are good, we'll keep up with the
hounds.

When our day's sport is over then home we'll return,

To enjoy our dear bottle and glass ;

And all be as ready as ever, next morn,

To go back to the jovial chace :

Thus Nimrod's diversion we'll keep in renown ;

And, each night, with a bumper, our day's sport
we'll crown,

S O N G.

*To the Tune of—*The Roast Beef, &c.

WHEN humming brown beer was the Eng-
lishman's taste,
Our wives they were merry, our daughters were
chaste,
Their breath smelt like roses whenever embrac'd,
O ! the brown beer of Old England,
And O ! the Old English brown beer.

Ere coffee and tea found their way to the town,
Our ancestors by their own fire-sides sat down ;
Their bread it was white, and their beer it was
brown.
O ! the brown beer, &c.

Our heroes of old, of whose conquests we boast,
Could make a good meal of a pot and a toast.
O ! did we so now, we should soon rule the roast.
O ! the brown beer, &c.

When the great Spanish fleet on our coast did ap-
pear,
Our sailors each one drank a jorum of beer,
And sent them away with a flea in their ear.
O ! the brown beer, &c.

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer,
Ere they mounted the rostrum, their spirits to cheer ;
K Then

Then preach'd against vice, altho' courtiers were
near

O! the brown beer, &c.

Their doctrines were then authentic and bold,
Well grounded on scripture, and fathers of old;
But now they preach nothing but what they are told.
O! the brown beer, &c.

For since the geneva and strong ratafee,
We are dwindled to nothing, but—stay, let me see,
Faith, nothing at all, but more fiddle-de-dee.
O! the brown beer, &c.

S O N G.

BARTHOLOMEW - FAIR,

Tune, Young Strephon he went t'other Day, &c.

WHILE gentlefolks strut in their silver and
fattins,
We poor folks are tramping in straw hats and
pattens;
Yet as merrily old English ballads can sing o,
As they at their opperores outlandish ling o;
Calling out, bravo ankcoro and caro,
Tho'f I sing nothing but bartelmew fair o.

Here

Here was, first of all, crowds against other crowds
driving,

Like wind and tide meeting each contrary striving;
Shrill fiddling, sharp fighting, and shouting and
thricking,

Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow-
girls squeaking,

Come my rare round and found, here's choice of
fine ware o,

Though all was not found sold at bartelmew fair o.

There was drolls, hornpipe dancing, and showing of
postures,

With frying black puddings, and op'ning of oysters;

With salt-boxes, solos, and gallery folks squawling:

The taphouse-guests roaring, and mouth-pieces
bawling.

Pimps, pawnbrokers, strollers, fat landladies sailors,

Bawds, bailies, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers and
taylor.

Here's punch's whole play of the gunpowder plot.
fir.

Wild beasts all alive, and pease porridge all hot,
fir;

Fine sausages fried, and the black on the wire;

The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire.

Here's the up-and downs; who'll take a feat in the
choir o.

Tho' there's more up and downs than at bartelmew
fair o. Here's

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,
 The chaise without horses, and queen of Hungary ;
 Here's the merry-go-rounds, come who rides, come
 who rides, fir.

Wine, beer ale, and cakes, fire-eating besides fir.
 The fam'd learned dog that can tell all his letters,
 And some men and scholars- are not much his
 betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong
 gay things ;
 Our passions like children are tempted by play-
 things ;
 By sound and by show by trash and by trumpery,
 The fal-lalls of fashion, and frenchify'd frumpery.
 What is life but a droll, rather wretched than rare o ?
 And thus ends the ballad of Bartelmew fair o.

S O N G.

The BACCHANALIANS.

WINE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of
 mirth,
 Whence jollity springs, and contentment has birth ;
 What mortals so happy as we who combine,
 And fix our delight in the juice of the vine :
 No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Our

Our laws are our own, not enforc'd by the crown.
 And we stand in them fair, till we fairly fall down:
 Attacks or repeals we disdain to repine;
 Nor grudge any tax, but the tax on our wine :
 To Cæsar and Bacchus, our tribute is due,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 To Cæsar, &c.

His worship so grave, here may revel and roar,
 The lawyer speak truth who ne'er spoke so before ;
 The parson here stript his priest-hood's disguise,
 And Chloe's scorn'd lover get drunk and grow wise;
 The husband may learn here to combat the shrew,
 So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 The husband, &c.

The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,
 We seldom break neck, tho' we oft crack a pate ;
 If wars rise among us they soon again cease,
 One bumper brings truce and another brings peace ;
 'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 'Tis this, &c.

S O N G.

The UNION of LOVE and WINE.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air ;
 For life without these, &c.

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul.

Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my conduct for them ;
I care not how much they my measures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have
mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
'Tis the spring tide of life, and the fuel of love ;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half
divine,
First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with
wine,
Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But shou'dst thou my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

S O N G.

The same is intitled and called MOLLY'S DELIGHT,
a Nexcellent New Ballit by the *Kritikal Soffian*.

Sung by Bess Tatter at the Corner of Blow-bladder
Street.

Young Strafron he went t'other day to the wife,
For sum huckle-my-buff and a ginger-bred
kake;

But oh he was bobbish and joyous and jolly,
When on the gay green he diskiver'd his Molly.

Dear Molly she came all along the gay grene,
As fine as a horse or a ginger-bred queen;
Young Strafron he bus'd her, and made her a bow,
And look'd if so be as he could not tell how.

With that they begun without any pother,
A talking of this, and of that, and of t'other;
And tho' she would pish, and wou'd cry, let me go,
He hugged her likewise, and he squeege'd her too.

Being the Moral.

Come all ye young youths of Saint Larince's parish,
Who loves ev'ry thing that is finish and rarish,
Be joyous and bucksome, and bobbish and jolly,
Sing Molly and Strafron, and Strafron and Molly.

S O N G

S O N G.

The TRUE ENGLISHMAN.

Tune Shawnbree.

YE rakehells so jolly,
 Who hate melancholy,
 And love a full flask and a doxy ;
 Who ne'er from love's feats
 Like a coward retreats,
 Afraid that the harlot shou'd p— you ;
 While we live till we die,
 To the Shakespear let's fly,
 Where we shall find both in great plenty ;
 With the juice of the wine,
 Our senses refine,
 And drink till the hoghead is empty.

Here, Tompkins, more liquor,
 Z— ds man ! bring it quicker ;
 Champagne, by all true toppers courted ;
 Without those damn'd tricks,
 French brandy to mix,
 But genuine, neat as imported :
 While thus cherrey merry,
 Let Harris and Derry
 With faces uncommon supply us ;
 Poll French and Bett Wemys,
 And such batter'd old brims,
 Ye pimps, let them never come nigh us.

Now

Now each joyous fellow,
 While thus we are mellow,
 And the fume of the grape does inspire ;
 While that's to be had,
 Let's be drunk and be mad,
 And fling all our wigs in the fire ;
 Break bottles and glasses,
 Bilk landlords and lasses,
 What rascal our humour dares hinder ?
 If any presume
 To come into the room,
 We'll throw the dog out at the window.

Handwritten musical notation, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and several measures of music with notes and rests.

Like Quixote of old,
 As we have been told,
 Let's fall in search of adventures ;
 Mother Douglass we'll rout,
 Kick her bullies about,
 And knock down the watch if he enters :
 Drink and whore all our lives,
 Lie with other men's wives,
 Debauch ev'ry damsel we hit on ;
 Swear and curse, and tell lies,
 And all order despise ;
 And this is the life of a Briton.

S O N G.

The CUP-BOARD LOVER!

Dicky I love, and I'm fond of the Name,
 Tho' he courts another despising my Flame :

To

To pull her coif for her I'll not be afraid,
 Since I am neglected for such a poor jade :

I'd have her to know,

Tho' in tatters I go,
 I have money to shew, which she han't I'm afraid.

The tit bits I sav'd him, both pudding and pye,
 Which he in a corner would ask for so fly,

I gave 'em him then, to be constant he swore ;

Q had he been so he'd have had ten times more :

But now I will eat

All the good things I get,

Tho' I'm choak'd, not a bit shall he have to devour

Then with his Maux to Pot Allen's he goes,
 And there he sits drinking and smoaking his nose,
 With gin and tobacco his doxy does treat,
 And hot-pot so costly, and kisses so sweet ;

At late in the night,

I went out of spight,

To view their delight, I their joys did defeat.

For as they went home Dick look'd back and
 turn'd pale,

And his dearest to hold by the hand did not fail,
 For fear she should fall ; and I swear by this light

They both tumbled into the cart-rut outright :

I saw them there wallow,

Then gave them a hallo,

For they could not follow, so I bid 'em good night

S O N

S O N G.

In answer to the Foregoing.

MOLLY, thy rhimes have rekindled my flame,
And I burn like fresh tinder at hearing thy
name,

Thy eyes are as bright as our candles by night,
Newly clipt by the snuffers to burn with more
light :

No Nanny shall take me,

I ne'er will forsake ye,

If a pudding you'll make me, my dearest delight,

The pot is a boiling, old mistress not here,
And there lies the cellar-key—fetch me some beer :
How sweet is thy face when a smile is thereon !
But thou art slow-footed—why art thou not gone ?

I'll mingle the flour,

But don't stay an hour,

Nay prithee don't lour—I'll kiss thee anon.

How sweet are thy lips ! how charming thy eye !

I'll drink up my liquor, for sorrow is dry ;

Thy hand is much softer than velvet or plush,

As if it had never known mop, broom or brush :

My dearest, believe me,

I ne'er will deceive thee,

And rather than leave thee, we'll wed with a rush.

But

But if a Gold Ring I by Chance can procure,
O that, my dear Molly, will make the work sure ;
For a rush is too tender and apt to be broke,
Than how fillily we at each other should look !

Our Nancy would jeer us,
Whene'er she comes near us,
Nay, I vow I am serious in what I have spoke.

For to Morrow we'll go to our good doctor White.
And I swear by this mug he shall do us both right ;
We'll send Nan a willow—a very good Joke !
Come, here is a Sixpence, pray let it be broke ;
Now you know my meaning,
Away to your cleaning,
For I'd not be seen in this place by our folk.

S O N G.

In Praise of PORTER, and other STRONG BEER.

COME drink, my boys, your spirits cheer,
And do at nought repine ;
To chase Despair and drown your Care,
Toss off some barley-wine.

And a toping we will go, &c.

In praise of Claret and Champagne,
Let others be profuse,
With such those elves may please themselves,
Give me some Barley-juice.

And a toping, &c.

The product of our native soil,
 Out-vie the grapes of France ;
 Then Britons-like, let's drink about,
 It's value to enhance.

And a toping, &c.

Tho' Cloe treats me with disdain,
 I never will repine ;
 No girl on earth shall give me pain,
 Whilst I have barley-wine.

And a toping, &c.

SONGS, in a piece of two acts, called
 A FAIRY TALE,
 Taken from SHAKESPEAR.

Mr. L O V E.

MOST noble Duke, to us be kind ;
 Be you and all you courtiers blind,
 That you may not our errors find,
 But smile upon our sport ;
 For we are simple actors all,
 Some fat, some lean, some short, some tall ;
 Our pride is great our merit small ;
 Will that, pray, do at court ?

L

Shall

Mr. Y A T E S.

Shall tinkers, weavers, tailors, dare
To strut and bounce like any play'r,
And shew you all, what fools we are,
And that way make you sport ?
Our lofty parts we could not hit,
For what we undertook unfit ;
Much noise indeed, but little wit,
That will not do at court.

Mr. P A R S O N S.

O would the Duke and Dutchess smile,
The court would do the same a-while,
But call us after, low and vile,
And that way make their sport :
Nay, would you still more pastime make,
And at poor we your purses shake,
Whate'er you give, we'll gladly take,
For that will do at court.

S O N G.

Miss W R I G H T.

KINGCUP, Daffodil and Rose,
Shall the fairy wreath compose ;
Beauty, sweetness, and delight,
Crown our revels of the night ;
Lightly trip it o'er the green,
Where the fairy ring is seen ;

So no step of earthly tread,
Shall offend our lady's Head.

Virtue sometimes droops her wing,
Beauties bee may lose her sting :
Fairy land can both combine,
Roses with the eglantine ;
 Lightly be your measures seen
 Defly footed o'er the green ;
Nor a spectre's baleful head,
Peep at our nocturnal tread.

S O N G.

Miss W R I G H T.

YES, yes, I know, you are he
That frighten all the villagree ;
Skim milk, and labour in the quern,
And bootless make the hufwife churn ;
Or make the drink to bear no barm,
Laughing at their loss and harm,
But call you Robbin, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and bring good luck.

Yes, you are that unlucky sprite !
Like Will-a-whisp, a wandering light,
Through ditch, thro' bog, who lead astray
Benighted swains, who lose their way ;
You pinch the flattern black and blue,
You silver drop in hufwife's shoe ;

For call you Robin and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and bring good luck.

D U E T.

Miss F O R D, A W A Y, away,
 I will not stay,
 But fly from rage and thee,

Miss R O G E R S, Begone, begone,
 You'll feel, anon,
 What 'tis to injure me.

Miss F O R D, Away, false man !
 Do all you can,
 I scorn your jealous rage !

Miss R O G E R S, We will not part ;
 Take you my heart !
 Give me your favourite page.

Miss F O R D, I'll keep my page !

Miss R O G E R S, And I my rage !
 Nor shall you injure me,

Miss F O R D. Away, away,
 I will not stay,
 But fly from rage and thee.

B O T H, Away, away, &c.

S O N G.

Master R A W O R T H,

C O M E, follow, follow me
Ye fairy elves that be ;

O'er tops of dewy grafs,
 So nimbly do we pafs ;
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends where we do walk.

S O N G.

Miss W R I G H T.

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.
 Philomel with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby;
 Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh,
 So good night with lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not here :
 Hence, you long-leg'd spinners hence ;
 Beetle black approach not near,
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence,
 Philomel with melody, &c.

(114)

S E C O N D A C T .

S O N G .

Miss R O G E R S ,

UP and down, up and down,
We will trip it up and down ;
We will go thro' field and town,
We will trip it up and down.

D E U T ,

Master RAWORTH and Miss WRIGHT.

WELCOME, welcome to this Place,
Fav'rite of the fairy queen ;
Zephyrs, play around his face.
Wash ye dewes, his graceful mein.

Pluck the wings from butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his eyes :
Round him in eternal spring,
Grashoppers and crickets sing,

By the spangled starlight sheen,
Nature's joy he walks the green ;
Sweet voice, bright eyes, and graceful mein,
Speak him thine, O fairy queen !

S O N G

(115)

S O N G.

Miss W R I G H T.

FLOWER of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of her eye ;
When her lord she doth espy,
Let him shine as gloriously,
As the Phœbus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if he be by.
Beg of him for remedy.

S O N G.

Master R A W O R T H,

ORPHEUS, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing ;
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever spring, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

S O N G

Master R A W O R T H.

SIGH no more lady, sigh no more,
Be not inconstant ever ;
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
For you'll be happy never.

SONG

S O N G.

S A L L Y M O O R E.

FOR a shape and an air sure never was seen,
 Such beauty was ne'er known before ;
 The poets may prate o'the cyprian queen,
 She's nothing to sweet Sally Moore.

When she warbles her voice to the tuneful guittar,
 Enraptur'd I cry o'er and o'er ;
 Here music and love are conjunctive I swear,
 They're center'd in sweet Sally Moore.

Each accent she utters love plays in her eyes,
 To its force I was stranger before ;
 The first time I saw her I found with surprize,
 'Twas in vain to resist Sally Moore.

Not beauties exterior alone do adorn,
 But beauties in mind she has store ;
 Such sense and good nature, sure never was born,
 Like those in my sweet Sally Moore.

And once what I treated with scorn and disdain,
 Now gladly embrace and adore ;
 Not a day in the week can I ever refrain,
 From the sight of my sweet Sally Moore.

In my arms the dear charmer how oft I intwine.
 And her beauties I loudly adore,
 'The toper himself wou'd quit Bacchus's shrine,
 For a kifs of my sweet Sally Moore.

Amidst the gay round when she leads up the dance,
 The youths all in transports adore
 Cries Damon one night (as he looked askance)
 " No nymphs like the sweet Sally Moore."

Then come my dear girl, blefs the fondest of men,
 To the church let us haste, I impløre ;
 Oh ! grant me this boon—and in consequence then
 I'm sure to be happy in — Moore.

S O N G.

FEW WORDS ARE BEST.

WHEN I was a girl I had often heard tell,
 Of the sweets and sow'rs of marriage ;
 But I was determin'd perchance it e'er fell,
 To venture good luck or miscarriage.

It happen'd that once an acquaintance of mine,
 By free consent of her mother,
 A pretty young fellow in wedlock did join,
 I wish'd — for just such another.

So

So happy they seem'd and so pleasant they were,
I vow'd I'd be married--and soon,
For I thought I wou'd sacrifice all I declare,
Tho' 'twere, but for the honey moon.

Perhaps you may call me pert forward bold thing,
And your noses turn up in a scoff,
But none of you all tho' you flounce and you fling,
Of a husband wou'd e'er declare off.

But blest be the fates the day and the hour,
That Corydon brought to my sight ;
His sence and good nature's a kingdom and dow'r,
My Corydon all my delight.

In words fewer words then lovers oft say,
To church we consented to go ;
With pleasure I promis'd to love and obey,
I wish every one would do so.

Long courtships——believe me——are nothing but
wind,
Your angels and diamonds a jest ;
For always I think if I speak out my mind,
Few word to a bargain is best.

And now my whole care's to please my dear mate,
No jarring or brawling we know,
No arguments holding of this and of that,
But fonder and fonder we grow.

Hail

Hail wedlock—blest'd state—where each can agree,
 But woful to those who've miscarried ;
 But I with my Corydon, live, as if free,
 Sing blest be the day that I married.

S O N G.

RAT IT I'll never be MARRIED.

WHenever I wed I'll have all things my way,
 In nothing I'll are be debarr'd,
 For sooner than e'er he my will shou'd gainfay,
 Ud rat it I'd never be marry'd.

So many have thought, perhaps you may say,
 And often this point have miscarried ;
 But it signifies nothing I will have my way,
 Ud rat it I'd never be marry'd.

To be snubb'd, and be fool'd, that I never can bear,
 For that faith I always have parry'd ;
 And afore that a man shou'd be master I swear,
 Ud rat it I'd never be marry'd.

Shou'd ought go awry he shall frown and shall chide
 If absent I chanc'd to have tarry'd ;
 On my word, mighty fine, on such terms to be ty'd,
 Ud rat it I'll never be married.

I plenty of sweethearts have had in my time,
 And each thought the day to have carried.
 Some courted in prose and others in rhyme,
 But none of the fools I e'er married.

For the way to live easy is single to be,
 In wedlock what hopes have miscarried,
 No fellow on earth shall e'er controul me,
 For rat it I'll never be married.

S O N G.

The P O R T R A I T.

GO view the rose in all it's pride
 Where natures greatest skill is :
 Whose damask blush attracts the eye,
 Such are the cheeks of Phillis.

Like as the arches gradual curve,
 (Whose builders greatest skill is
 The circle nicely to extend,)
 Such are the brows of Phillis,

Clear as the soft meand'ring stream,
 That purling from yon hill is ;
 Bright as the diamonds piercing light,
 Such are the eyes of Phillis,

Fair

Fair as the ermine view the maid,
 Not half so fair the lillies ;
 Lillies nor ermine can compare,
 Such is the skin of Phillis,

Like as the cherry's beauteous hue,
 Where natures greatest skill is ;
 Behold 'em their in scarlet pride,
 Dwell on the lips of Phillis.

Center'd in beauty virtue dwells,
 Her temper all good will is ;
 Too weak my Pen correct to draw,
 The portrait of my Phillis.

S O N G.

The REJECTED LOVER,

Resolv'd to love I Polly woo'd,
 The nymph I did adore ;
 I sigh'd and pin'd, — as lovers do,
 What cou'd a youth do more ?
 No nymph was e'er so fair—I thought
 Her eyes like sparkling ore ;
 I us'd all arts as lovers use,
 And none could do no more.

But she for love disdain return'd
 Tho' kneeling I'd implore ;

M

Yet

Yet she was deaf to ev'ry sigh,
 And I cou'd do no more.
 O say ye youths ! was this not hard ?
 That I'd no pitying pow'r,
 That I ! in vain so oft should plead,
 So oft, in vain adore ?

At length quite weary'd with despair
 Seeing she'd not comply ;
 I, by degrees, resum'd the man.
 And Polly did defy.
 For sighs and tears I found were vain
 No pity cou'd implore ;
 I try'd each soothing tale and song
 What cou'd a youth do more.

Of Polly now no more my muse,
 My heart's once only store ;
 I did all that a man cou'd do
 And none could do no more.
 Farewel ! ungrateful girl farewel,
 That ever lived since Adam,
 I've nothing more then this to say
 Your humble servant madam.

S O N G.

The RESIGNATION.

WHAT means my Cloe thus to frown
 When she's alone my care ;

Why chide as if some crime I'd done,
O! say my charming fair.

Depriv'd of every hope I see
Poor damon you despise ;
O cou'd I once, but gain a smile,
What pleasure would arise !

You've stole my heart, I know not how
And joy to view my pain ;
For love's sweet sake, O pity me
Or giv't me back again.

I ask no more, oh grant but that
But that thou canst not do ;
So I, alas ! must be content,
And leave my heart with you.

S O N G.

PR'ythee fill me the glafs,
'Till it laughs in my face,
With Ale that is potent and mellow ;
He that whines for a las,
Is an ignorant as,
For a bumper has not its fellow ;

S O N G.

'T IS too late for a coach,
And too soon to reel home ;
We've freedom to stagger
When the town is our own,

Let's whirl it away,
And whip fixpence round,
'Till the drawers are founde'r'd,
And the hoghead do found.

The glass stays with you, Tom,
Save your tide, pull away,
One minute at midnight
Is worth a whole day.

S O N G.

W Ould you know how we meet o'er our jolly
full bowls ?
As we mingle our liquors, we mingle our souls :
The sweet melts the sharp, the kind smooths the
strong,
And nothing but friendship grows all that night
long :
We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry desire ;
Love only remains our unquenchable fire.

S O N G

S O N G.

WHilst I'm carrousing to cheer up my soul,
O! how I triumph to see a full bowl !
This is the treasure,
The only pleasure,
The blessing that makes me rejoice and sing.
Thus while I'm drinking,
Free from dull thinking,
Then am I greater than the greatest King.

S O N G,

Come all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to tope good wine ;
Let us offer up a hog'shead
Unto our master's shrine.

Then let us drink, and never shrink,
For I'll tell you the reason why ;
'Tis a great sin to leave a house,
'Till we've drank the cellar dry.

In times of old I was a fool,
I drank the water clear ;
But Bacchus took me from that rule,
He thought 'twas too severe.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim,
And bade me take a sup ;

But had it been a gallon pot,
By Jove, I'd tofs'd it up.

And ever since that happy time,
Good wine has been my chear ;
Now nothing puts me in a swoon,
But water or small beer.

Then let us tope about, my boys,
And never flinch nor fly,
But fill our skins brim full of wine,
And drain the bottles dry.

S O N G.

A Shepherd kept sheep' on a hill so high, fa, la,
la, &c.
And there came a pretty maid passing by, fa, la.
Shepherd, quoth she, dost thou want e'er a wife,
No by my troth, I'm not weary of my life, fa, la,
la, &c.

Shepherd for thee I care not a fly,
For thou'st not the face with a fair maid to lie,
How now, my damsel, say'st thou to me so,
Thou shalt taste of my bottle before thou dost go.

Then he took her and laid her upon the ground,
And made her believe that the world went round
Look

Look yonder my shepherd, look yonder I spy
There are fine pretty babies that dance i' th' sky.

And now they are vanisht, and now they appear
Sure they will tell stories of what we do here.
Lie still, my dear Chloris, enjoy the conceit,
For the babies are too young, and too little to prate.

See how the heavens fly swifter than Day,
Rise quickly, or they will all run away :
Rise quickly my shepherd, quickly I tell ye,
For the sun, moon, and stars, are got all in my
belly.

O ! dear where am I, pray shew me the way,
Unto my father's house hard by ;
If he chance to chide me for staying so long,
I'll tell him the fumes of your bottle was strong,

And now thou hast brought my body to shame,
I prithee now tell me what is thy name.
Why Robin in the Rushes my name is, quoth he,
But I think I told her quite contrary.

Then for Robin in the Rushes, she did enquire,
But he hung down his head, and would not come
nigh her ;
He wink'd with one eye, as if he had been blind,
And he drew one leg after a great way behind.

S O N G.

The HAPPY BACCHANALIANS.

FILL you glasses, banish grief,
Laugh and worldly cares despise ;
Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,
Joys from drinking will arise ;
Why should we with wrinkled care,
Change what nature made so fair !

Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aspire ;
Give me freedom, give me health,
There's the sum of my desire :
What the world can more present
Will not add to my content.

Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Quiet of mind is always best.

Busy brains we know, alas !
With imaginations run ;
Like the sand in th' hourglass,
Turn'd and turn'd and still runs on :
Never knowing when to stay,
But uneasy e'ery way.

Drink-

Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when ming'led with good wine,
Makes the heart alert and free ;
Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
Still the same thing 'tis with me :
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait,
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

S O N G.

GO, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In Desarts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

S O N G.

T H E B U C K.

WHEN all the tavern fires were dead,
 And pimps and waiters gone to bed,
 A Buck was left alone ;
 He rambled all the garden round,
 But ne'er a whore was to be found,
 From constables were flown.

Where should he wander, what new shore ?
 The likeliest place to find a whore ;
 To Wetherby's he steers ;
 The first he saw was noisy Weeys,
 Tho' drunk, yet plotting of new schemes,
 To gull poor batchelors.

Close by the hostess she was fat,
 Whose — was almost choak'd with fat,
 'Tis she that sets her on :
 Dear Betsy, when you get a man,
 Be sure you fleece him all you can,
 As I do ev'ry one.

Then as Madeira flew about,
 The Buck got drunk, and made a rout,
 A whore was all his tone :
 He kick'd poor James, and broke the bowl,
 He d——d the house, and Betsy's soul.
 That w——e of Babylon.

S O N G

S O N G.

MY goddess Lydia, heavenly fair,
 As lilly sweet, as soft as air,
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O ! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
 Tho' sacred lightning from them flies :
 Shew me that soft, that modest grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me Ambrosia in a kiss,
 That I may rival Jove in bliss,
 That I may mix my soul with thine.
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide thy bosom's killing white,
 (The milky whey is not so bright)
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
 With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart the vital blood,
 Thou art all over endless charms ;
 O ! take me dying to thy arms.

S O N G

S O N G.

NO more let sorrow pain you,
 Here love alone shall chain you,
 And ev'ry joy restore ;
 New pleasure shall detain you,
 No liberty has more.

S O N G.

THUS Damon knock'd at Cælia's door,
 The sign was so :
 She answer'd, no,
 No, no, no,
 Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd ;
 No, Damon, I'm afraid ;
 Consider, Damon, I'm a maid :
 Consider,
 No ;
 I'm a maid,
 No, &c.

At last his sighs and tears made way ;
 She rose, and softly turn'd the key ;
 Come in, said she, but do not stay ;
 I may conclude
 You will be rude,
 But if you are, you may.

S O N G.

NOT Eden's garden did disdain
 That pleasing passion love,
 Where free from guilt, and ev'ry pain.
 Adam did gaily rove.
 Nor tides of furies' raging fires,
 That follow a wanton chase,
 Meer vapours rais'd by hot desires,
 That vanish with disgrace.

How guiltless may I meet the flame
 Of Cynthia's purest breast,
 While friendship makes us still the same,
 With ev'ry virtue drest?
 Her mind at first a conquest made,
 Her graceful mind I must approve;
 Her wisdom chearful still appear'd,
 And justify'd my love.

Trust not to features, fleeting charms;
 Nor hug a painted toy;
 Those age or sickness soon disarms,
 Warm air will this destroy.
 Let tender passions take their turn
 And virtue lead the way;
 Where minds are match'd, they seldom mourn,
 Nor curse the marriage day.

S O N G.

K E E P I T U P,

L E D on by love,
 With joy I rove
 And take a chearful cup;
 Unknown to care,
 The charming fair,
 I kifs and keep it up.
 Keep it up, keep it up,
 I kifs and keep it up.

The brown, the fair,
 The debonair,
 Of charmers make the group,
 Then day and night,
 'Tis my delight,
 To kifs and keep it up,

But there did shine,
 Some friends of mine,
 A buck, a beau, a fop;
 They drank, they rov'd,
 They kifs'd, and lov'd,
 But could not keep it up;

For Hymen's bands
 Now tye their hands,
 And make their courage droop;

They curse their fate,
 And find too late,
 They cannot keep it up.

Tho' beauty gains,
 It me not pains,
 Nor makes my spirits droop ;
 For blythe as May
 I range away,
 Still kifs and keep it up.

If some I find
 To love inclin'd,
 And marriage make their hope ;
 I never wed,
 But in its stead,
 I kifs and keep it up.

S O N G.

NOW Europe enjoys repose from her wars,
 And fair-fac'd commanders sleep fearless of
 scars :
 Lads, list under love, and your lessons I'll teach,
 To the breast-work advance, and then batter in
 breach.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis Venus commands, for engagement prepare,
 In Cupid's campaigns, our foes are all fair ;

As fair let us fight and make proper seizure,
Here's a health to our ensign the standard of pleasure.

Derry, &c.

The wish of the sportsman shall first be recounted,
Like him, each fair lady loves well to be mounted :
The lover in this toast has likewise a share,
For he, huntsman like, is for seizing the hare.

Derry, &c.

Ye sportsmen whose stomachs for feeding are fit,
Call the cook, here, we'll give him four hams on
one spit ;
And lest you should think yourselves not fully fitted,
Here's the meat which best basts itself when 'tis best
spitted.

Derry, &c.

Come, my lads, to your lips the brimming glass lift,
May we ne'er want courage when put to a shift ;
And that we may seldom of happiness miss,
May we kiss where we please, and still please where
we kiss.

Derry, &c.

May our mistresses always be pleas'd to receive
And carefully save what we bountifully give ,

And

And when keeping time, to depart we are ready ;
May our dying be happy, revival be speedy.

Derry, &c.

One health, my brave boys, with your leave, I must
teach,

In view let's have pleasure, but ne'er out of reach ;
Here's the nest in the bush, and the bush's best
friend,

And the bird who his life in that nest loves to spend.

Derry, down.

Let us now toast some female ; the first my
greet

Is the book binder's wife, who well stitches in
Next the brown female reaper, who tight she
handing,

So well does her work—not a handful leave
ing.

Derry,

Here's the miller's wife's music worth all other tunes,
When the sluice is set open, and strong under the
stones :

Call the maker of baskets, his wife's worth a bottle,
She'll strip the bark down, and yet still keep the
cottle.

Derry, &c.

To the lass, who lamb-like, be a bumper replete,
 Who still wags her tail as she tastes of her meat ;
 Here's the cole-hole of Cupid, may ev'ry buck
 win it,
 And to all equal joy in the critical minute.

Derry, &c.

Here's the handsome young house-maid that's still
 on her guard,
 the stones clean and well scour the yard ;
 architect sister, the joy of the people,
 stones can remove tho' she pulls down the
 steeple.

Derry, &c.

 natural chymist by natural heat,
 ence of life from such quarries can get :
 all the fond females the girl I most prize,
 as the fond full furr'd female, the judge of a size.

Derry, &c.

Now a truce to our toast, but one more will I name
 Since we've enter'd the lists to protect the black
 game,

Here's the centry that stands at the cock-pit com-
 manding,

And the centinel at midnight, uncover'd, well-
 standing.

Derry, &c.

Re-

Remember lads, life's but a summer's short day,
Then while our youth shines, let us joyful make
 hay :
Joy is all we live for, let's equally share it,
Here's the harvest of life, love, wit and good claret,
 Derry, &c.

S O N G

The F I S H M O N G E R,

Tune, A Cobler there was, &c.

A Jolly young fishmonger liv'd in the Strand,
As merry a grig as was known in the land,
For when at the Dolphin they met round the bowl,
He would drink like a fish, and was reckon'd a foal.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

His heart that had been, for twice fifteen years past,
As found at a roach, was, he found, touch'd at last,
With an arrow as sharp as a hook, it is said,
Cupid caught him, and made him in love with a
 maid.

Derry down, &c.

This damsel might well a bright beauty be stil'd,
Her cheeks were as red as a lobster when boil'd ;
Her eyes too, as learned historians remark,
Shone just like two whittings when plac'd in the
 dark..

Derry down, &c.

When he ask'd her the question at first she seem'd coy,
 And vow'd that no mortal her ling should enjoy ;
 And when her soft bosom he offer'd to feel,
 She dab'd him, and slipt thro' his hand like an eel.
 Derry down, &c.

At length by intreaty the jade grew so free,
 She stroak his fat gills, as she fate on his knee ;
 And what too perhaps you may think very odd,
 She always delighted to play with his cod.
 Derry, down, &c.

It happen'd one day in good humour he found her,
 He caught her and laid her as flat as a flounder ;
 Then did what he pleas'd in a loving embrace ;
 Oh ! who would not wish to have been in his plaife?
 Derry down, &c.

Some months had roll'd on, when the nighbours
 smelt out,
 What Jack and his handmaid had both been about;
 They giggled and pointed, would cry out of scorn,
 A thornback has got a red herring with spawn.
 Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

YOUR musty old rules,
 Are for dull thinking fools,
 Who to wisdom make aukward pretences ;

But the world is so wise,
All schemes to dispise,
Which prohibit th' enjoying five senses.

I'll rove and I'll range,
My lover's I'll change,
Since changing in females is common ;
The dull life of a nun,
All fine ladies shun,
For pleasure's the soul of a Woman.

S O N G.

The MERRY FELLOW.

'TIS wine makes us love, and love makes us
drink,
And each does the other improve ;
All mortals must known, who feel or can think,
No, pleasure's like drinking and Love :

Then join 'em, my boys, make the blessing
divine,
For men must be Gods, when they've women and
wine.

Then bring us of both, and double each joy,
I hate to be languid and cold ;
I think myself Jove, while these I enjoy,
Nor own myself mortal till old.

Cho. Then join 'em, &c.

When old I am grown, and toying is past,
 In wine I must place all my Joy;
 And tho' I am unfit for love to the last,
 Yet still I can drink till I die.
 Cho. Then join 'em &c.

S O N G.

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,
 To see a wretch pursuing,
 In raptures of a blest amaze,
 His pleasing happy ruin.

'Tis not for pity that I move,
 His fate is too aspiring,
 Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
 Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
 Your slave from death removing,
 Let me your art of charming know,
 O leave me mine of loving.

But whether life or death betide,
 In love 'tis equal measure;
 • The victor lives with empty pride,
 The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

*A New Song I published by C. Ho. the way to ruin her-
 A me*



A New Collection of TOASTS.

TO each hearty fellow
That's joyous when mellow.
Health, love, and liberty.
To the generous man who loves to spend with the
fair.

To every blade and merry buck,
Who loves a pretty girl — —.
Love's key-hole,
A dish of fish,
An honest foal, a pretty maid, a convenient plaise,
with a cod's head in the middle.

The female butcher,
That extracts the marrow without hurting the bone.
The love of liberty, and liberty in love.
The fairest in Middlesex, and the middle of the
fair sex.

The man of penetration, and girl of capacity.
May the fair sex suck seed.
May our members stand stiff to the commodities of
Great Britain.

Equal joy in the critical minute.
Success to the lover, honour to the brave, health
to the sick, and freedom to the slave.
Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

J. Williams

Success to the lover, joy to the beloved,
May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.

Money to him that has spirit to use it ; and life to him that has courage to lose it.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea in one's pocket.

Health, peace, and plenty.

May the single be married, and the married be happy.

Success to the falling woman, and the standing man.

The pleasures of imagination realized.

May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy.

The pipkin that will stretch without breaking.

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure.

The fountain in hair-court.

The cruel cobbler,

Run his all in his wife's belly, knock'd out his foreman's brains, and hung his two apprentices at the door.

The linnen manufactory,

Smock in one hand, and yard in the other.

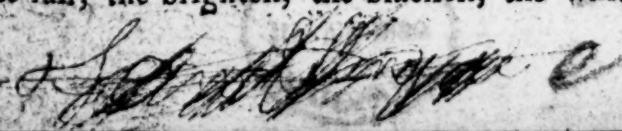
The Siville orange,

Rough, agreeable, and juicy.

The industrious wife,

That saves what her husbands spends.

The fair, the brightest, the blackest, the whitest.



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